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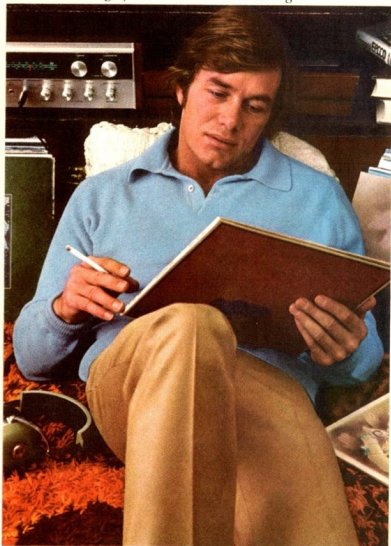
TIME

**THE PLIGHT
OF THE G.O.P.**
Looking Beyond Kansas City



The low-tar cigarette with the recessed tip.

The thoughtful choice in low-tar smoking.

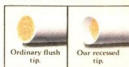


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Kings, Box and 100's

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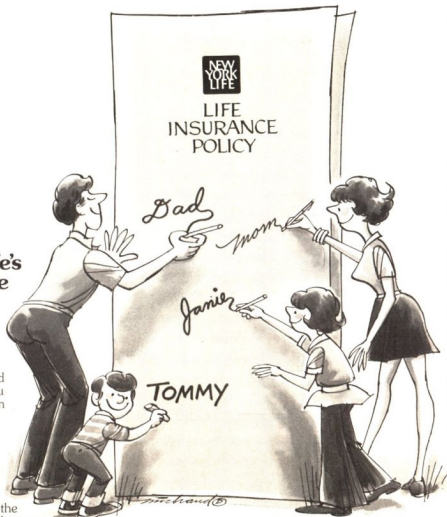
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TYPEWRITERS AT THE READY IN TIME'S KANSAS CITY WORKROOM

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

For weeks now the 1976 Republican National Convention has shaped up as a tricky challenge to politicians and journalists alike, with the outcome more and more unpredictable. After the almost endless series of ups and downs in the fortunes of the candidates and the increasingly terse fighting, the convention promised to turn into the bitterest G.O.P. battle since the Goldwater right-wing triumph over the moderates in 1964. TIME made careful plans to cover every step of the chancy action in Kansas City, from the expected struggles over the platform to the final vote of the last uncommitted delegate on nomination night. All of the Nation section's editors, writers and reporter-researchers, led by Managing Editor Henry Grunwald, are not only attending the convention—as they have done in the past—but this year are remaining in Kansas City after the fighting is over to write, edit and check the section and, in effect, send it to press from there. On the Kemper Arena floor, in the middle of the convention uproar, and at delegate caucuses as they take place around town, 15 TIME correspondents are covering developments and then heading back to our 2,000-sq.-ft. workroom at the Kansas City Municipal Auditorium, a mile away, to write their files.

Preparations for our Kansas City coverage have been almost a rearing task. One essential was the setting up of an extensive communications network. A 45-telephone system links staffers at centers of activity around the city; correspondents carry beepers so they can be alerted and, if necessary, rerouted to a fast-breaking event. High-speed facsimile machines are transmitting Nation copy via telephone wires to TIME's Copy Desk/computer-typesetting center back in New York.

Before leaving for Kansas City, Nation Editors Marshall Loeb and Ronald Kriss worked out editorial plans for this complicated news event, while other members of the Nation staff requisitioned and shipped off everything from typewriters (which Kansas City has run out of) and rubber bands to 15 cartons of files, newspaper clippings, back issues of TIME and a collection of political reference works—indispensable to the research staff. "After packing up all the cartons," Chief Nation Researcher Margaret Boeth recalled, "we realized that we had left out one book—the Bible." So just in case a candidate should prove fond of quoting Scripture, Boeth packed a King James version in her suitcase before she flew west.

Ralph P. Davidson

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mechanics.



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See your travel agent.

Nadia: What Price Perfection?

To the Editors:

I've always heard "nobody's perfect." Maybe Nadia Comaneci has disproved that [Aug. 2].

*Teresa Thomason
Madison, Ill.*

She's *too* perfect! Not once did Nadia cry or giggle or show emotion.

*Anita Gonzalez
Houston*

To find one who is so young, and who has achieved so much, seemingly unable to glory in her accomplishments is tragic.

*Paula Dover
San Francisco*



You can have that "perfect" robot. I prefer the more emotional, fragile and human Olga.

No perfect score can ever light up a stadium like the smile of Olga Korbut.

*Janice Chlopowicz
Tucson, Ariz.*

I suggest that an honorary gold medal be awarded to Japanese Gymnast Fujimoto for his performance with a broken leg.

*Les Murphy
Nashville, Mich.*

It has been a great experience to witness our great American athletes in the Olympics.

Their coaches were great; their performances were great. Now if our great sportscasters could only muster and master a second adjective.

*Frank Grady
Fort Kent, Me.*

Bravo to Jim McKay and his cohort! Mark Francis Indianapolis

Re Shirley Babashoff: any young American who wins four silver medals (or even competes) in the premier sports event in the world is certainly not a "loser."

TIME is the loser for perpetuating the winning-is-everything philosophy.

*William H. Tannewitz
Reseda, Calif.*

Pet-Rock Paradise

Mars: a pet-rock lover's paradise [Aug. 2].

*Scott J. Lyford
Bloomington, Ind.*

Have we become so blasé that we can shove one of the most sensational events in our millennium into a tiny corner of TIME's cover?

*Maybelle Van Winkler
Ruth Martin
Warrensburg, Mo.*

All we need do is discover life on Mars, and we will be sending them foreign aid.

*Mark Mears
Yarmouthport, Mass.*

Tahd of Cot-tuh

You failed to list *tahd*, as in "Ahm tahd of reading abht Cot-tuh [Aug. 2]."

*Karl Goerdel
Kingsport, Tenn.*

My comments on the limitations of the written word were nicely illustrated by the article on Southern speech.

Carter's speech from the platform is usually cultivated and unpretentious. He pronounces both the *b* and the *h* in *humble*. In relaxed conversation, however, he probably does use *might could*, *done dead*, *ain't*, multiple negatives and more than a few other folk forms of vocabulary, morphology and syntax.

*Lee Pederson
Emory University
Atlanta*

I am insulted by the implication that the majority of Southerners speak in terms of *done did* and *might could*.

*Paula A. Corwin
Marietta, Ga.*

Tah-ky and cawh-ny.

*Mrs. Linda Chalkley
Birmingham*

Danger: Jody

Your article [Aug. 2] convinces me that if Jody Powell is given the power he could well become another H.R. Hal-

deman—no less dangerous in being "genuinely good company."

*Stanley O. Hoerr Jr.
Fort Washington, Pa.*

Deserving Each Other

John Connally and Gerald Ford certainly deserve each other [Aug. 2].

*Art Kelly
Houston*

Connally who?

*Laura Elizabeth Smith
Birmingham*

Connally was the best Secretary of the Treasury we ever had. Besides his speaking up for his country, Connally's devaluation gave us a shot in the arm.

*Arthur Spitzer
Los Angeles*

I Resign from My Race

The "good" people of Chicago [Aug. 2] have given the rest of the nation an idea of what is in store for them. It is truly a sad day when in 1976 there can still be found photographs of American youths smiling stupidly under a sign bearing a swastika and the message NIGGERS BEWARE. If this is what being white has become, then I resign from my race.

*Graydon J. Forrer
Grand Blanc, Mich.*

Why is it that the North seems to think it is above associating with blacks when we have been doing so peacefully, after the initial adjustment period?

*Lisa McCoy
Jackson, Miss.*

Unstinting State

Your article, "Power of Personal Diplomacy" [June 7], presented a distorted and incomplete description of the factors behind the release of Steven Campbell and James Harrell by the Eritrean Popular Liberation Forces in Ethiopia.

While Mr. Campbell's frustration over his son's abduction and prolonged detention is understandable, his statement that "I never thought the Department of State would do anything" is totally unwarranted. Without the efforts of Ambassador Brewer and his staff in Khartoum, as well as those in the Department of State who worked unstintingly on the case for almost a year, it is doubtful that the safe release of Steven Campbell and James Harrell would have been accomplished.

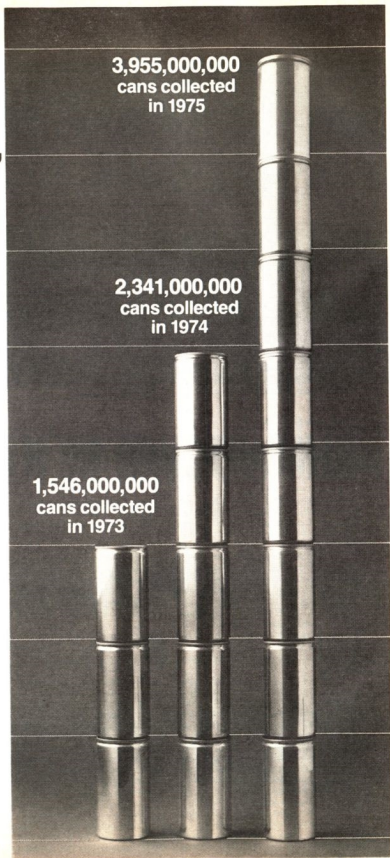
*Robert A. Feary, Coordinator for
Combating Terrorism
Department of State
Washington, D.C.*

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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Recycling works.



TIME



PRESIDENT FORD, DAUGHTER SUSAN & BETTY AT MARYLAND'S CAMP DAVID



REPUBLICAN PLATFORM COMMITTEE MEMBERS

THE CONVENTION

SHOWDOWN IN KANSAS CITY

The Republican Party, which has drawn much of its nourishment from the American heartland, struggled to replenish itself in the physically congenial surroundings of the crop-rich plains of Kansas and Missouri. Yet it was a frail and fractured remnant of the party that had swept to an easy victory only four years ago. Political tempers threatened to soar as high as the 100° temperatures in Kansas City. Whatever the outcome of its most suspenseful national convention in a quarter century, the party seemed lost in its internal battles over nuances of conservatism (see cover story page 10).

Gerald Ford, the unelected President, had not only failed to set off a bandwagon that would guarantee him the 1,130 votes needed for a first-ballot nomination, he was even doggedly on the defensive against the amazingly persistent challenge of Ronald Reagan. Breaking tradition, Ford planned to fly to the convention city before the proceedings opened so that he could direct the tense fight to hold his dutiful, if uninspired, delegate lines. With 59 White House staffers also on hand (35 would pay their own expenses), Ford was to take charge from a suite in Kansas City's spectacularly modern Crown Center

Hotel. He could instantly reach his floor manager, Michigan Senator Robert Griffin, seated at a command post in the convention's Kemper Arena. Griffin, in turn, would direct eleven regional whips on the floor and key Ford operatives in every delegation. Any slippage in expected voting patterns would lead to a quick request to poll the offending delegation, giving the Ford men time to try to close the breach.

Reagan, too, planned to reach Kansas City early, settling into the sweeping elegance of the Alameda Plaza to wage his eleventh-hour fight to prevent an early Ford victory. His campaign manager, John Sears, would direct operations from a 50-ft. trailer outside the glistening arena, working the convention floor through Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt and a batch of assistants. Both camps had their carefully prepared charts on how each delegate might vote—and they were poised to pounce on anyone who deviated from the expected. After nine long months of campaign labors, no one last week could be sure of the outcome.

Typical of the unsettled atmosphere in Kansas City, for a time even the order of the balloting was not certain. The

Republican National Committee had proposed that the alphabetical voting begin with a state to be chosen by draw. Since the normal roll would begin with Alabama and be dominated at first by other states heavily favorable to Reagan, the Californian could conceivably get a little lift from piling up an early lead. At week's end, the proposal was defeated by the convention's rules committee, with the result that Reagan would get his early surge.

Such intangible advantages were not meaningless, since the entire last-gasp Reagan strategy was to stop Ford from going over the top on the first ballot. The President's failure to do so would be a damaging psychological blow to supporters who considered him a sure winner. Ford's strength would also presumably wane as delegates not legally or morally bound to his candidacy felt free on later ballots to express their true sentiments.

The key delegations to watch included Mississippi, whose members were expected to arrive in Kansas City still intent on giving all of its 30 votes to one candidate under a unit rule; but if some members did break ranks, Reagan would still need a big chunk of the delegation to keep his chances alive. On

UPI GEORGE OLSON



LISTENING TO DEBATE ON THE PARTY'S PLANKS FOR ELECTION



RONALD & NANCY REAGAN ON PLANE AFTER DELEGATE-HUNTING TRIP

the other side, any Ford slippage in the big Northeast delegations—New York (154), Pennsylvania (103) and New Jersey (67)—would provide tip-offs that the President's shaky delegate edge might not hold. The votes of uncommitted delegates in Illinois, West Virginia and Wyoming would also hold clues to how the undecided were going on the roll call.

In all of the maneuvering last week, Reagan's agents probed for some issue they might carry to the convention floor in order to whip up an emotional response that could break Ford's fragile grip on the nomination. Their best chances seemed to rest with:

THE VICE PRESIDENCY. Reagan's selection of liberal Pennsylvania Senator Richard Schweiker had failed to shake loose many pro-Ford delegates in the less conservative delegations, but it had raised the Veep issue as an emotional battleground. Reagan's bold manager Sears pushed for a rule which would force Ford to name his running mate by 9 a.m. Wednesday, the day of the presidential balloting. Some Ford delegates were eager to have the President put all his cards on the table too. Delegation leaders in the Northeast and pro-Ford delegates from Maine sought assurances in particular that Ford would not select Texas John Connally.

Ford seemed determined to resist these pressures. He sought vice-presidential suggestions from 5,427 delegates, party leaders and officeholders round the country. He also dispatched fat envelopes, seeking voluminous personal

information from at least 21 prospects. Certainly, Ford was tossing about many more names than could really be under consideration. Among those frequently mentioned were: Governors Robert Ray of Iowa, Daniel Evans of Washington and Christopher Bond of Missouri, Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee, Congressman John Anderson of Illinois, Treasury Secretary William Simon, former Treasury Secretary Connally and U.N. Ambassador William Scranton.

RULES. The Ford camp sought a rules change under which the 939 delegates in 19 states that have "binding" state primaries would have to vote for the candidate to whom they were legally committed. This was another attempt to firm up the Ford lines. Under a Supreme Court ruling last year, national party regulations rather than state laws were defined as the final authority on convention procedures. Thus, without Ford's so-called justice amendment, all delegates would be legally free to vote for whomever they wished. Reagan delegates fought the change on the ground that state laws differ in the delegate-selection process and are not really clear on whether delegates are firmly bound. The convention, Reagan aides warned, could bog down in wrangling over interpretations, case by case. Yet Rhode Island National Committeeman Fred Lippitt pointed to the probable fu-

tility of the Reagan position: "I don't think anyone believes someone should violate his state's laws."

THE PLATFORM. After some early faltering, the Ford forces proved well in control of the preconvention maneuvering over the platform. Ford's aides gave just enough to avoid a clear opening for the Reagan forces to commit themselves to an all-out floor fight on any specific issue. Some minority reports were expected to be introduced from the floor, but not with Reagan's prestige behind them.

The biggest fuss came over the Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution. To the chagrin of both Gerald and Betty Ford, conservatives won an 8-to-7 subcommittee vote against taking any stand this year. But despite the efforts of ERA opponent Phyllis Schlafly, the full committee voted to support the amendment, which is intended to ensure equality under the law to women. Although Reaganites seemed to see little possibility of gain for their candidate on the issue, some conservatives may try to knock out the pro-ERA stand on the floor.

The most potentially sticky platform plank involved foreign policy. Reagan had sharply assailed Ford during the long campaign on such issues as the Administration's policy of détente with the Soviet Union, its rapprochement with Communist China at the probable ex-



FORD: CONCILIATORY AND CONFIDENT

The two men had so much in common—Midwestern origins, conservative instincts, self-made careers—and yet seemed so far apart. Now that they were down to the climactic moment, what were the moods and attitudes of the Republican contenders? To find out, TIME asked its correspondents who have followed them most closely in the campaign. Strobe Talbott reported on Gerald Ford and Dean Fischer on Ronald Reagan (see box next page).

Jerry Ford, conscientious but not herculean, competent but not brilliant, solid, self-confident, good-natured and decent but not at all spellbinding, the same old Jerry Ford—that is the image that he will project to the delegates in Kansas City this week. His critics complain he has failed to grow dramatically in stature or skill in the job that he holds and wants to keep. His friends compliment him for avoiding the pomposity, the paranoia and the isolation that have been occupational hazards for some of his predecessors. Both the critics and the friends are right. Ford is remarkably unchanged by 24 months in the presidency and nearly a year of grueling battle for the nomination.

"The awesome loneliness of the presidency," a time-honored cliché of the White House press corps, has fallen into disuse because it ill-suits Ford's style and personality. Several weeks ago, after a delegate-wooing expedition to Mississippi, he headed back to Washington on Air Force One. His private lounge exuded more homey comfort than overwhelming power. Ford was in his shirtsleeves, filling and fiddling with his pipe. His olive was high and dry on the ice cubes at the bottom of his martini glass. The bulkheads were decorated with an array of David Kennerly's color photos of the Ford children. All that was missing to complete the scene was a cedar log crackling in a fireplace.

Ford had something charitable to say about almost everyone. He was effusive about John Connally, conciliatory about Ronald Reagan and confident about the advantages of going against Jimmy Carter as an underdog in the fall. He seemed eager to forget politics altogether and instead to reminisce about Raymond ("Ducky") Pond, the colorful Yale varsity football mentor under whom he worked as an assistant coach and scout from 1935 to 1940.

Back in Washington, too, the President has kept in close touch with his past, athletic and otherwise. He meets regularly with cronies from Grand Rapids and Capitol Hill, and on July 31, he took time out from the slogging quest for delegates to give a luncheon reunion for his law school Phi Delta Phi fraternity brothers. After rising at 6 o'clock, he pedals the equivalent of a mile astride a stationary bicycle upstairs in the White House, and he ends the working day by swimming 22 laps, or one-quarter mile, in the pool behind the West Wing of the Executive mansion.

Ford often laughs at the stumblebum jokes that are a staple of political comix. They do not bother him, partly because he is an extraordinarily secure personality—and partly because he knows he is the most coordinated and best preserved tenant of the White House since Teddy Roosevelt. Ford walked into a staff meeting the other day bragging about the 94 that he had shot at the tough Congressional Country Club course, site of last week's PGA Tournament. "I parred five holes," he proudly announced to aides assembled to discuss the weighty affairs of the world.

In a primary battle that has been fraught with frustration and setbacks, Ford has experienced one personal satisfaction that may prove to be a political asset as well: the blossoming of his son Jack, 24, as a savvy political counselor and campaigner. Father and son often huddle in the study off the Oval Office in the afternoon and over drinks in the third-floor solarium late in the evening. Ford still in his impeccably tailored three-piece suit and Jack in blue jeans and jogging shoes.

Their conversations lately have turned to the acceptance address Ford has been working out with his speechwriting staff. The President, who has reviewed all 14 acceptance speeches from both parties since 1948, has tentatively decided to come out swinging, with an old-fashioned, give-'em-hell partisan stem-winder. Rather than concentrating on making peace with Reagan, he probably will try to unite the party by declaring war on Jimmy Carter. Some of his advisers have urged him to recognize his shortcomings as a campaigner, to remain "presidential" and above the fray in the fall and to let his running mate lead the charge against the Democrats. But two years on the job have ignited a fire in Ford's belly, and he is strongly inclined to reject that advice. Not that he is unaware of his shortcomings, but he accepts them along with his homely strengths.



SENATOR RICHARD SCHWEIKER
Still an object of protest.

pense of Taiwan and its negotiations with Panama to relinquish gradually total U.S. control over the Panama Canal. The platform committee took up the canal issue first, rejecting Reagan language banning treaty modifications that would "in any degree impair or relinquish U.S. sovereign rights and control over the Canal Zone." Ford backers instead accepted vague wording under which the G.O.P. acknowledged that the U.S. now has rights in the zone as "if it were the sovereign" and should not give up any power crucial to U.S. security.

Once that issue was decided, the Reaganites seemed to lose any keen interest in the infighting. Ford's men gave some ground, however, in agreeing to explicit language supporting the U.S.'s mutual defense treaty with Taiwan. As for détente, Ford's supporters were able to fend off any direct criticism of current Administration policy. An intriguing sidelight: a draft by the platform-committee staff mentioned Richard Nixon's opening to China, but subcommittee members voted to delete this only reference in the platform to the disgraced former President.

As Reagan leaders waged their surprisingly gentlemanly drive to find an explosive issue, they faced the touchy task of controlling some of his more zealous conservative supporters. "I don't know if all those emotional conventioners are as interested in electing a President as they are in slaying a dragon," fretted a top Reagan aide. North Carolina's ultraconservative Senator Jesse Helms, who was not even a delegate, was one such purist who was off on his erratic own. He first proposed 22 platform planks on which he vowed to fight—until Reagan assigned two of his top advisers to work with Helms on just

**BETTY'S
HUSBAND
FOR
PRESIDENT
IN '76**

which planks were worth pushing. The Reaganites feared they might kill their chances if they forced a battle on an issue and then lost in a humiliating way.

Helms and a small group of congressional right-wingers also were behind the week's most sensational development: New York Senator James Buckley's announcement that he was seriously considering letting his name be placed in nomination for the presidency. Perhaps naively, the Conservative Senator had been persuaded to believe he might become a serious factor in the contest if Reagan and Ford were to deadlock. The move was widely seen as a tactic by which uncommitted delegates and those not really enthused about Ford would have a place to put their votes in a kind of parking orbit—thus depriving the President of his needed votes on the first ballot. Indeed, that is what Helms and his cohorts seemed to have in mind. But Reagan aides sounded convincing with their insistent claims that the Buckley boomlet was ill-prepared and not their idea. It was, in fact, designed in part as a protest against Reagan's selection of Schweiker; some conservatives hoped that if Reagan pulled off the nomination, he could yet be pressured into abandoning Schweiker. To these diehards, Buckley was a far preferable choice.

Amid all the serious jockeying for advantage, both combatants warned against party fratricide. Said a top Reagan aide: "You can win something in such a way as to tear up the party so you cannot put it back together." That was, indeed, the ever-present danger in Kansas City—even as Ford Campaign Chairman Rogers Morton told some fellow Republicans that the convention was going to be "one of the most exciting adventures of our lives."

BUCKLEY ANNOUNCING AVAILABILITY



REAGAN: THE PROUD PERFORMER

Ronald Reagan sought the seclusion of his hilltop home in Pacific Palisades to prepare for the rigors of the Republican Convention in Kansas City. For an actor-turned-politician, he is a surprisingly solitary figure, and the campaign has not changed him. Shy and reserved, he protects his privacy and that of his wife Nancy. Reagan is happiest putting around his ranch in the Santa Ynez Mountains or reading political memos and position papers in his book-lined study in Los Angeles.

He studiously took time last week to prepare himself for his bid for the presidential nomination. Before breakfasting with Nancy, he vigorously rolled an exercise wheel to tone up his 65-year-old physique, which could pass for that of a man half his age. Reagan eats sparingly, drinks an occasional screwdriver or a glass of wine, and averages a healthy eight hours of sleep each night. Far from taxing his energies, the strenuous campaign seems to have invigorated him. Although he is extraordinarily self-disciplined, he also has been suspected of being somewhat lazy, so his aides were pleasantly surprised at his ability to withstand the punishing physical demands of the campaign and his willingness to devote long hours to speechmaking and delegate wooing. Says Chief of Staff Mike Deaver: "The campaign has aroused his competitive instincts."

Those instincts were clearly at work during the days preceding the convention. Seated at his desk in a study that overlooks a backyard swimming pool, casually dressed in slacks, sports shirt and loafers, Reagan was constantly telephoning uncommitted delegates and "soft" Ford supporters around the country. Nancy did her part, fending off nonessential calls and chatting with delegates on one line until her husband had completed a conversation on another. Like Betty Ford, Nancy is universally regarded as a campaign asset to her husband. She also participates actively in strategy discussions.

Between calls, Reagan confidently made notes for an acceptance speech. At one point he canceled eleven press interviews to devote full time to strategy for giving the G.O.P. platform a Reagan tone. Although he is normally not an early riser, he surprised Aide Peter Hannaford in Kansas City with a 7:45 a.m. call to check on the progress of foreign and domestic policy plans. His concern with the platform is intense; Reagan believes his campaign will shape national debate for years.

There was time during the week for two private dinners with friends, prepared by the Reagans' longtime cook, Ann Allman. One day Reagan joined four personal and political intimates—Holmes Tuttle, Justin Dart, Jack Humel and William French Smith—for lunchtime reminiscences at the California Club in downtown Los Angeles. On another day he met with Ben Harbor, a black delegate from Louisiana, who asked for a face-to-face session while on a business trip to California; of course Reagan tried to talk him into support.

Although he trailed Ford in the delegate count, Reagan remained outwardly confident. Insisted Deaver: "There's nothing but optimism in his mind." But whatever the outcome in Kansas City, Reagan is convinced that his bid for the nomination has helped the party and the country. He began the campaign on the defensive, forced into endless and lame explanations of his proposal to reduce federal spending drastically by transferring social programs to state and local jurisdictions and his suggestion that Social Security funds might be invested in the stock market. He and his supporters protest that these lapses give him an undeserved reputation for being a Goldwatersque hip-shooter. He should be judged more, they argue, on his two terms as the prudent, moderate Governor of California.

Looking back, Reagan sees his candidacy as an experience that broadened his views and sharpened his skills as a campaigner. He believes that he has been resolute under pressure, relying more on his own instincts than on the advice of aides. He regards his pursuit of the nomination as a good occasion that enabled him to talk with and to people whose hopes and fears are of real concern to him.

Emotionally and philosophically, Reagan is prepared for whatever verdict the delegates return this week. From his point of view, he has rendered a valuable service by making it impossible for President Ford to move comfortably toward the center of the political spectrum. If he is not nominated, Reagan probably will resume his career as a spokesman for conservative causes via radio commentaries and newspaper columns, convinced that he can contribute more to the national dialogue from outside than he could from within a Ford Administration. He would be content to have proved himself a powerful competitor for the presidential nomination—a contender whom Ford simply could not kayo before the convention.

REAGAN
FOR
PRESIDENT



REPUBLICANS/COVER STORY

THE PLIGHT OF THE G.O.P.

For the Grand Old Party, these should be the good news days. Republicans control the White House, as they have for 16 of the past 24 years. Under their grow-slow policies, the economy has been rebounding for 16 months, and inflation has been brought down to the second-lowest rate (after Switzerland) in the Western world. Not only has prosperity been restored, but the nation is at peace, and the cities and campuses are cool. The pollsters report that public confidence is on the rise and that Americans are becoming more conservative—suspicious of Big Government and the big-spending programs fashioned by Democrats. All in all, a nice backdrop for healthy Republican success at the ballot box.

But for Republicans gathered this week in Kansas City, success seems as elusive as the smoke that wreathes convention halls—a dream without much political substance. There is the customary hope and hoopla, but underneath run currents of deep anxiety. Whoever gains the Republican nomination this year inherits a split and dispirited party and faces the heavily favored, consensus-minded Democrat Jimmy Carter. If the G.O.P. candidate loses in November, the already wobbly party will become even shakier. Not just its opponents but Republicans themselves are wondering whether the G.O.P. can survive much longer.

When House Majority Leader Thomas ("Tip") O'Neill says that Gerald Ford is the "last Republican President," his remark can be dismissed as partisan indulgence. But Oregon's former Republican Governor Tom McCall has to be taken more seriously when he says, with galls: "I thought the party was already six feet under. You should speak more respectfully of the dead." Warns House Minority Leader John Rhodes: "If the G.O.P. does not experience a significant change in political fortunes by 1978, it is likely to go the way of the Whigs."

The fact that Republicans have occupied the White House for most of the past quarter-century tends to obscure the party's almost steady

loss of power at other levels of government. The G.O.P. has not controlled Congress since 1954, when it had 48 Senators and 221 Representatives; today it is down to 38 Senators and 145 Representatives (v. 290 for the Democrats). There are only 13 Republican Governors, and the party has a majority of both houses of the legislatures in only four states (Idaho, Kansas, North Dakota and Vermont). In many Southern states the Republicans have virtually no officeholders and little organization. Even in the once strongly Republican Middle West and New England, most of the state legislators, Governors, U.S. Senators and Representatives are now Democrats.

Clearly, the public is becoming disenchanted with the G.O.P. A recent Gallup poll reports that only 22% of the American public consider themselves to be Republicans—down from 34% in 1954. But 46% of the public say they are Democrats, the same percentage as in 1954.

Nelson Polsky, a top political scientist at Berkeley, argues that the Republicans are so weak that the U.S. no longer has a real two-party system: "I would call it a 1½-party system." Robert Teeter, President Ford's chief pollster, believes that the G.O.P. has reached "permanent minority status." According to this theory it will eke out a presidential victory only when the majority party stumbles, as the Democrats did by dividing over the Viet Nam issue in 1968 and over George McGovern's policies in 1972. If the Democrats do not make crippling mistakes, the G.O.P. seems destined to finish second.

More optimistic Republicans note the dismal shape that the Democrats were in following the defeat of McGovern and take comfort in the cyclical nature of American politics. After a drubbing the G.O.P. tends to rebound, as it did following Barry Goldwater's huge loss in 1964. Observes Teeter: "Every time the Republican Party takes a real shellacking, it bounces back. But it's like a rubber ball. It doesn't bounce as high as it did the time before."

The present plight of the G.O.P. argues against an easy comeback. As the party has grown smaller, it has become more set in its ways—less willing to compromise or extend itself. Too many moderates

have dropped out of the G.O.P., especially in reaction to Watergate. Local party organizations have been left in the control of conservatives, who are inclined to be suspicious of almost all Government initiatives, however beneficial they may seem to the rest of the country. They also tend to oppose détente with the Soviets, abortion, the Equal Rights Amendment and gun control, for all of which there is a large constituency in most parts of the U.S.

One moderate who fled to the waiting embrace of the Democrats in 1973 is Michigan Congressman Donald Riegle. He felt that his faction of the party no longer had any influence. "We were like the tail of the dog; we couldn't wag the dog." A Republican pondering whether to follow Riegle's example is Maryland's Charles Mathias (see box). Another moderate, Manhattan Lawyer Rita Hauser, former U.S. representative to the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, complains: "We are viewed by the right wing as if we were lepers. I have nothing against conservatives, but they are not willing to make the happy pragmatic blend, and that is why they lose."

The conservatives mounted the Reagan challenge and seemed prepared to risk repeating the electoral disaster of 1964, when many state and local Republican officeholders were carried to defeat along with Goldwater. In a way, ideology



"The conservative, nationalist-minded party of the early 19th century, which favored a maximum of government assistance to business and a minimum of regulation; the Whigs expired in 1856 after sharp defeats at the polls.

means more than victory to the far right. Many are agitating for a third party that would contain only the ideologically pure of heart. William Rusher, publisher of the *National Review*, is a conservative who wants to start a third party. But he writes scathingly of some conservatives as "personalities who are simply incapable of participating in a collective effort, especially if that effort requires them to subordinate their own preference to a serious degree. For them, the thrill of political action lies not in the possibility of success, but in the struggle itself or even in defeat. The impact of this masochism upon healthier forms of political action can be catastrophic."

President Ford would seem to be an improbable target of conservative wrath. In his battle with Ronald Reagan, he has moved to the right on domestic and foreign issues. He has toned down the activist, imperial presidency of Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. He has battled Big Government and followed moderate-to-conservative economic policies. Yet he is not given much more credit by the Reaganite right than he is by the Democrats. If Ford wins the nomination, he will get the backing of some Reagan supporters but by no means all. National polls indicate that as many as a third of the registered Republicans say they would not work for Ford and would vote for Jimmy Carter. A loss in November would intensify the fratricidal warfare.

In party battles, the moderates are often no match for the conservatives. Some fault the moderates for lack of nerve, but lack of know-how may be the real problem. A recent example: the failure of Mis-

souri Governor Kit Bond to hold his state delegation for Ford. "He got his teeth kicked at his own state convention," says Oregon's Tom McCall. "The liberals don't have time to get their masters and doctorates in intra-party conniving. They're administrators." The latest Harris poll shows that Republicans prefer Ford over Reagan 63% to 33%. Reagan is such a close contender for the nomination because the party's conservatives have generally out-organized and out-fought the moderates.

Many Republicans of the moderate variety do not have the stomach for the hard-slogging, doorbell-ringing business of precinct politics. Democrats seem to show more flair and zest for the game, an ability to take and give hard knocks, to be down one day and up the next. Says Republican Gilbert W. Fitzhugh, former board chairman of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.: "The Republicans fight like cats and go home and sulk. The Democrats fight like cats, and suddenly there are more cats." Clifton White, who managed Goldwater's pre-nomination campaign in 1964 and is now helping Ford, complains that a basic element is missing from most Republican politics: fun. "The Republicans take everything so seriously. I have had more fun with my Democratic friends than with Republicans."

The Republicans are also stuck with an image that hardly attracts people to the party. "Republicans are regarded by many as hard, callous, cruel and insensitive," writes John Rhodes in his new book on Congress, *The Futile System*. "We give the impression of not caring—and that is the worst possible image a political party can have." To Rita Hauser the party has the "look of country club WASPs from Texas and Southern California." Adds Walter Dean Burnham, professor of political science at M.I.T.: "The average Republican comes across as an old-fashioned kind of guy who clips coupons and is well enough off so that he does not want to share anything with anyone else and wants to hold down the public sector so that the private sector can rip people off."

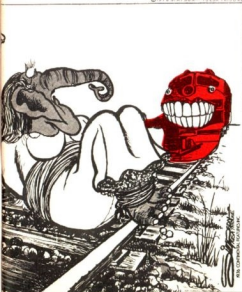
Yet the Republicans have been slow to seek a new image. S.I. Hayakawa, the Republican

candidate for the Senate in California, is trying to generate ideas to fill what he feels is an intellectual vacuum. "The main function of our party," he says, "appears to be to say no, no, no, to ideas originated by Democrats." In a speech before the convention platform committee last week, Treasury Secretary William Simon made the same point. "The trouble with the Republican Party," as Woodrow Wilson once observed, is that it has not had a new idea for 30 years. Well, it has been another 51 years since Wilson made his observation, and I am afraid it still holds true, at least for a growing number of voters. We need to spell out in plain language what we stand for and what we believe in."

If the Republicans could do that effectively, they would take the first step toward winning a majority, if for no other reason than that an increasing number of Americans seem to be embracing traditional Republican principles. Queried by *TIME* last week, President Ford offered an explanation for the apparent shift in public opinion. "Many Democrats believe that the way to solve our economic and social problems is through a large central Government which will supervise and plan most of the important activities in the economy and the nation. Based upon the experience of mankind through the ages, Republicans believe in a more limited Federal Government, with primary responsibility as close to the people as possible. More and more people are coming to believe that the Federal Government cannot solve all our problems, that it cannot spend beyond its resources, and that individual freedom and self-reliance—many of the old virtues—must be preserved."

Richard Cheney, Ford's White House chief of staff, suggests that recent election returns demonstrate how much the national mood has changed. "The economic center of gravity of the nation is moving away from programs like the Great Society; it's shifting in a more conservative direction. I think this analysis is sustained by the fact that liberals such as Morris Udall, Fred Harris and Birch Bayh didn't do very well in the Democratic primaries, while Hubert Humphrey and Ted Kennedy sat them out; it is sustained by the fact that the Republicans have had two men in contention for the nomination who are basically conservative."

The Republicans have been slow to take advantage of the new mood. Their message, often overwhelmed by the negativism of the hard core, is not getting across. "We



DAVE COVERLY—TULSA TRIBUNE

THE NATION



THE NATION

have done an absolutely rotten job of selling ourselves," says Washington's G.O.P. Governor Dan Evans. "We are spending too much time arguing over what part of the political spectrum we are in—giving too many saliva tests." Lamar Alexander, Republican candidate for Governor of Tennessee in 1974, complains that the party has not been as effective as Jimmy Carter in "expressing conservative life-styles and personal values." Political Analyst Kevin Phillips agrees: "A lot of practical conservatives could support Carter. He has a cultural appeal to the New Majority." In short, Carter appears to be beating the Republicans at their own conservative game—a considerable political feat for a candidate who also takes many conventional liberal stands.

The G.O.P. has distanced itself to such an extent from many American ethnic and interest groups that it can scarcely be considered representative of the nation. Don Riegle looks over the U.S. House of Representatives and says: "You notice that on the Republican side there are no black members, not many women, very few from ethnic groups, very few from modest economic circumstances. What you see is a group like an Establishment men's service club. On the Democratic side you have the whole country represented. Because of this, the Democratic Party has a tolerance for differences, and that is its real strength." Because of its limited membership, he adds, the G.O.P. "fails to understand the problems faced by the rest of the country. It can't dope out answers."

The Kansas City convention underscores the party's narrow base. As at past conventions, a disproportionate number of the G.O.P.'s nearly 5,000 delegates and alternates will be male and rather rich. According to a CBS News survey, the Democrats had 11% black delegates, the Republicans have 3%; the Democrats had 33% women, the Republicans

have 31%; barely more than a third of the Democrats earned over \$35,000 a year, v. more than half of the Republicans. The Democrats were also younger: 15% of their delegates were 30 or under, whereas the Republicans claim only 7% of that tender age; while 5% of the Democrats were 65 or older, 9% of the Republicans are in this range.

In terms of religion, there is a greater preponderance of Protestants at the Kansas City convention than there was at Madison Square Garden. Says Statistician Warren Mitofsky, who prepared the CBS survey: "Even the Irish Republican delegates are 61% Protestant and only 35% Catholic; the Democrats' Irish are 66% Catholic and 28% Protestant."

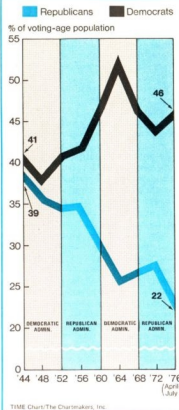
The G.O.P. has thus missed many opportunities to broaden the party. A few years ago, the Republicans were given a solid chance of becoming the dominant party in the South because of the breakup of the segregationist Democratic Party. But it was the Democrats who renewed themselves, welcomed the black voter whom they had formerly shunned, and became more entrenched than ever.

The Democrats developed a new generation of leaders—like Carter, and such past and present Governors as Florida's Reubin Askew, South Carolina's John West, Arkansas' David Pryor. Black politicians rose rapidly to power in the South, and were invariably lured by the Democrats. Georgia Congressman Andrew Young, Texas Congresswoman Barbara Jordan, Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson, among many others.

In the South, as in much of the rest of the nation, Republicans have written off the black vote as unattainable and perhaps even unwanted. But blacks, who now constitute more than 20% of the Democratic vote, have enabled Democratic candidates to win even while los-

Party Ties

Political Affiliations polled by Gallup



ing much of the white vote, Carter showed how that works in Florida, North Carolina and Michigan. Says William McLaughlin, G.O.P. state chairman in Michigan: "The weakness of the Republican Party is that when we go to the ghetto to talk about what we have done, we have to send a white man. Because we've been unable to crack the black vote, we don't have elected black officials. We're in a chicken-and-egg situation. How do we elect that first black guy to go in and help sell our program?"

The Republican Party has also been laggard in recruiting an even more crucial ally: the big-city ethnic voter who has grown increasingly disillusioned with the Democratic Party and more conservative in his outlook. Back in 1968 Republican theorists like Kevin Phillips were urging the G.O.P. politicians to offer some programs that would appeal to urban Catholics, whether Irish, Italian, Polish, Hungarian, or Czech. In his latest book, *The Mediocracy*, Phillips writes that traditional Republicans and ethnics have a common enemy in the new "knowledge-sector elite"—liberals and Big Government, education, foun-

ERA OPPONENT PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY AT REPUBLICAN PLATFORM SUBCOMMITTEE MEETING



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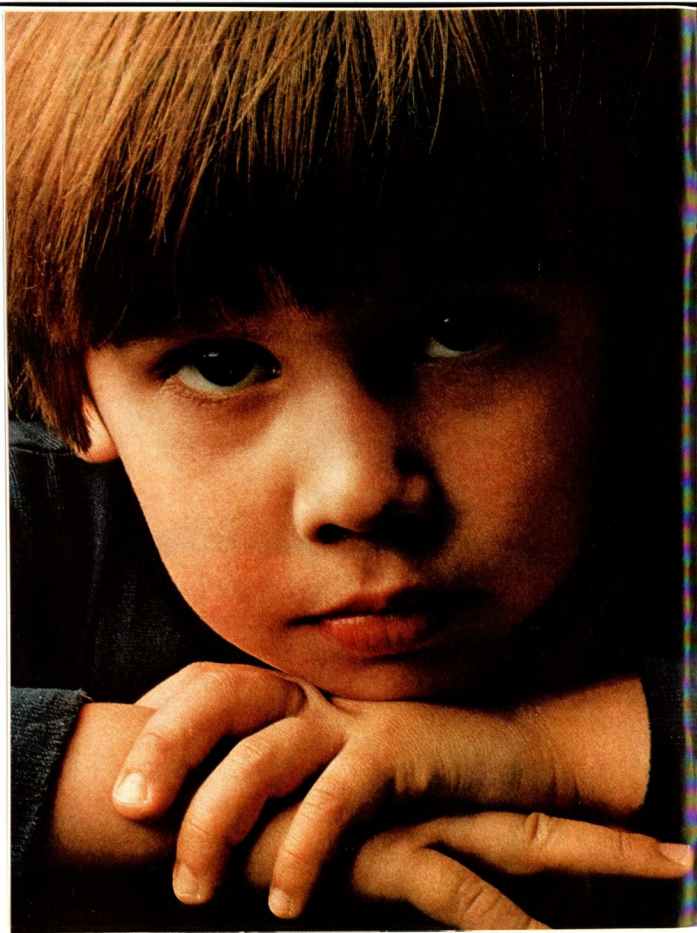
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THE NATION

dations and the press, who tend to belittle the industrious, upward-striving lower middle classes. But once again, Republicans have not made the appropriate gestures. Phillips concludes that the G.O.P. has failed to "substitute an articulate indictment of knowledge-sector miscalculations for country club know-nothingness."

The Republican rightward tilt has become so pronounced that it will be very hard for the party to recover its balance. Yet balance is what American politics is all about. After the humiliating 1964 defeat, G.O.P. National Chairman Ray Bliss shrewdly guided the fractious party closer to the political center, thus opening the way for Nixon's victory four years later. Similarly, Democratic National Chairman Robert Strauss helped his party recover from the George McGovern debacle of 1972; he even managed to bring George Wallace and Ted Kennedy together on the same Alabama platform. The question is: Can today's G.O.P. find the center again and recover its status as at least a part-time majority party?

From its beginning the G.O.P. had to struggle to become and remain a majority party; it succeeded when it reached out broadly to many groups and built a durable coalition. It was founded on

an unshakable principle: opposition to slavery. In 1854, in response to Southern attempts to spread the "peculiar institution" westward, a group of dissident Whigs and Democrats met at Ripon, Wis., to form a new party, which they called Republican after the earlier party of Thomas Jefferson. As the fight over slavery intensified, the fledgling party attracted more members, but it needed something beyond the slavery issue alone. As Historian Herbert Agar writes: "No national party in America has room for men who hold one sacred belief to which all else must bow." The

G.O.P. became dominant when it put together a coalition embracing many issues, under the leadership of Abraham Lincoln.

Nominated for the presidency in 1860, Lincoln supported programs that would appeal to Easterner and Westerner, farmer and merchant, immigrant and homesteader. The party tried not to alienate a single group outside the

THEODORE ROOSEVELT ADDRESSING CROWD

ABRAHAM LINCOLN & SON TAD



LIVING WITH THE SCARLET LETTER

Among moderate Republicans, few are more deeply rooted in the party's past—or more anxious about its future—than Maryland Senator Charles McCurdy Mathias. His great-grandfather, Charles Trail, ran for state senator with Abe Lincoln in 1864. His grandfather, Maryland State Senator John Mathias, campaigned beside Teddy Roosevelt in 1912. Mathias himself was a founder of the Wednesday Club of Republican moderates in both the U.S. House and Senate. On the eve of the Kansas City convention, TIME National Political Correspondent Robert A. Jernigan visited Mathias and reported:

At the dinner table of their white brick home in Chevy Chase, Md., Charles Mathias and his wife Ann were talking about an unhappy afternoon that he had just spent in the Senate. The President had moved to weaken the food stamp program, which Mathias strongly supported. His wife, who is not easily rattled, closed her fist on the table and said: "How much longer can we go on like this? Wouldn't it be better if we changed parties now?"

The Mathiases had discussed that uncomfortable subject many times in the past year. She descends from a long line

of card-carrying Republicans—her father, Robert Bradford, is a former Governor of Massachusetts—but Ann Mathias has accepted the upset of leaving the party. Her husband is finding the decision more difficult.

Whether or not he decides to jump—probably to become an independent—depends largely on what happens at Kansas City. "If the party doesn't try to broaden itself at this convention," he says, "then the moderate Republican has no place to go. How can we stay alive in this party? We're already a vanishing breed."

Without the moderates, Mathias believes, the Republicans will become more and more a splinter party. Senate colleagues like New York's Jacob Javits, New Jersey's Clifford Case, Illinois' Charles Percy and Massachusetts' Ed Brooke—men who win elections in large, industrial, Democratic states—help to keep the G.O.P. a major party with a broad base. If the moderates sink, speculates Mathias with obvious concern, they may drag the two-party system down with them. Some Republicans snort at such a gloomy prediction; they wonder why Mathias has

not cleared out a long time ago.

Mathias often does sound like a Democrat. He regularly opposed Richard Nixon, and has frequently voted to override Gerald Ford's vetoes. Unlike the President, Mathias early favored financial aid to New York City. He seeks national health insurance and is far less restrained than the Administration about attacking unemployment. At the same time, he believes the Democrats have abused the federal role and in the

WALTER DUNN





DWIGHT EISENHOWER ARRIVING IN PARIS



RICHARD NIXON MEETS THE PRESS AFTER WATERGATE (1973)



South as it proposed high tariffs, land grants to railroads, federal aid for river and harbor projects, liberalized naturalization laws and free land in the West for small farmers. "Lincoln searched with superb intelligence," writes Historian Wilfred Binkley, "to discover the point of equilibrium among the conflicting social forces of the nation." It was this ability to deal with many groups under the relentless pressure of civil war that brought the nation through its worst crisis. Lincoln was the Great Emancipator, but he was also the great mediator, and he set an example for subsequent party leaders to follow.

After Lincoln's assassination, power in the party passed to the so-called Radical Republicans, who lacked his

HERBERT HOOVER VISITING PERU

breadth of outlook and were determined to impose a harsh and lasting peace on the South. During the postwar industrial boom, businessmen and the party that sympathized with them were natural allies; a nexus was thus established that would both strengthen and weaken the G.O.P. in years ahead. Businessmen took cruel advantage of the docile Republican Ulysses S. Grant, whose second term was scarred by scandal. Though tainted by its association with the Confederacy, the Democratic Party made a comeback by attacking high tariffs, tight money, and corruption in Government.

The parties were locked in roughly equal combat until the first great political manager, Mark Hanna, broke the grip of the Democratic opposition. An enlightened industrialist who treated la-

process hamstrung the private sector. The Maryland Senator has little trouble defining his brand of moderate Republicanism—even though it involves a sizable reach back into history. His principles are the same, he contends, as those that motivated Teddy Roosevelt's Square Deal.

At 54, Mathias is a relaxed, reflective man with a reputation for one of the finest minds in the Senate. Puffing his pipe, he spoke about what he considered the peril of the Ronald Reagan candidacy: "The conservatives keep agitating for two pure, sharply defined parties. That kind of polarization is wrong. The two parties need a constant dialogue, to watch and challenge and demand things of each other." Then he struck his key point. "That's what the American system is all about: to keep power divided, to prevent a small core from either pole suddenly thrusting its decisions on the country."

The moderates of both parties, says Mathias, provide the crucial bridge between the two. "We're the oddballs of the two-party system, but necessary to make it work." He paused and thought for a moment: "Some days, though, it's almost impossible to stay."

Still, the life of a liberal Republican does not seem all that bad. Mathias is

far freer than the party regulars to vote his own views. The more he is excoriated by his conservative critics, the more he is applauded by independents and Democrats, who have helped elect him six times in a Democratic state. Still, Mathias is often frustrated and lonely. "You always feel a sense of exclusion," he says. "You get an idea, and you know you can't take it far."

Last June his own Maryland Republican delegation booted him off the Platform Committee at Kansas City. "It's a kind of scarlet letter that the liberal Republican has to wear," he shrugs. Two weeks ago, before the Urban League convention in Boston, Mathias was asked what advice he would give the President. When he told the audience the party needed to return to early Republican principles, he was greeted with hoots and jeers. Mathias quickly noted that he was talking about the Square Deal principles of Teddy Roosevelt.

Mathias feels that Ford has crumpled under the Reagan challenge. Last January in the Oval Office, he told Ford he was dropping his own bid for the presidency; at the same time he urged the President to halt his drift to the right. His direct message: "Stop feeding the aligators." Ford's answer: "I understand, just give me more time." Mathias figures that it will now be tough for Ford

to return to the center. Two weeks after his meeting with the President, Eugene McCarthy asked Mathias to run with him on a third-party ticket. Mathias declined the alliance.

As the reports of elephantine collisions plumped out of Kansas City last week, Mathias drove to his family farm in Kabletown, W. Va. It sits on rolling, heavily wooded land near the misty banks of the Shenandoah River. Harper's Ferry, where John Brown made his famous raid, is just down the winding road. Mathias talked about his boyhood, when his father, an influential Republican lawyer, took him to the Oval Office to meet Cal Coolidge, and when Herbert Hoover visited this Blue Ridge farmland as a family guest.

For a moment, Mathias seemed hopeful. "If Ford can survive this bruising experience and come out of the convention with a little independence, it might solve a lot of problems. If it's Reagan, I don't know what I'll do." Then the reality of the situation turned him pessimistic again. "I'm afraid this party has lost its roots. I think this convention is the most important since Lincoln got nominated at the Wigwam in 1860. If the party doesn't reach out, it will die." He stopped, his own past all around him, and said, "Sometimes I think it's already happened."

THE NATION

bor as a partner, Hanna directed William McKinley's 1896 presidential campaign against the Democratic populist, William Jennings Bryan ("You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold"). By issuing a lot of persuasive campaign broadsides, translated into several languages for immigrants, Hanna convinced laborers as well as businessmen that Bryan's demand for the free coinage of silver would devalue the dollar. Sound money, Hanna sloganeered, would guarantee everyone a "full dinner pail." McKinley's landslide assured Republican domination during most of the first third of the 20th century.

Assassinated shortly after re-election, McKinley was succeeded by Theodore Roosevelt, whom Hanna called a "crazy man." With an unrivaled showmanship and zest for office, T.R. became the best coalition builder since Lincoln, attracting workers and farmers, reformers and imperialists. He borrowed from the Progressive program to curtail the growing power of the trusts, regulate the railroads, establish standards for food and drugs, and set aside public land for conservation. He strengthened his hold on the electorate by showing the flag around the world. "I took the [Panama] Canal Zone," he boasted.

Yet he turned on his own party when he was disappointed by the conservative tendencies of his hand-picked successor, William Howard Taft. In the manner of Ronald Reagan, Roosevelt challenged a sitting President. He narrowly lost to Taft at the raucous G.O.P. Convention, which was described by Mr.

Dooley as "a combination iv th' Chicago fire, St. Bartholomew's massacre, the battle iv th' Boyne, the life iv Jesse James and th' night iv th' big wind." Then T.R. formed a third party (Bull Moose) and ran in the election. By splitting the Republican vote, he enabled Democrat Woodrow Wilson to win. In 1920 a combination of war-weariness and opposition to Wilson's single-minded support of the League of Nations returned the Republicans to power.

The 1920s were so prosperous that Republicans did little more than enjoy the boom and take credit for it. They moved closer to Big Business and pursued the twin policies of high tariffs and low taxes. The loudest dissenting voice was that of farmers, whose prices fell throughout the period. The era was symbolized by the presidency of the flinty Yankee Calvin Coolidge, who did and said as little as possible. The country, he was sure, could run itself—and for a time, at least, he was right.

Herbert Hoover was perfectly qualified to continue this style of government, but he became a casualty of the Depression. The groups that had gone along with the G.O.P. as long as there was prosperity broke away to vote for Franklin Roosevelt in 1932. Blacks, Jews and other urban ethnic groups had been reliably Republican before the Depression; Roosevelt's appeal and his social programs made them solidly Democratic. Unable to prevent F.D.R. from being elected to four terms, the Republicans seemed to be retired into permanent opposition. The G.O.P. split into two groups—liberal internationalists and conservative isolationists, a division

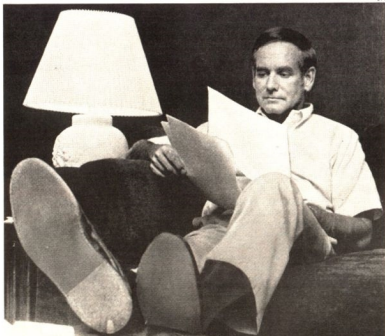


MICHIGAN GOVERNOR WILLIAM MILLIKEN
No sanctuary for inviolate ideas.

that hindered a recovery at the polls. The party did not regain the presidency until a popular war hero, Dwight Eisenhower, announced that he was a Republican.

Ike won in a landslide in 1952, picking up large chunks of the Roosevelt coalition, especially Southerners and urban Catholics. His victory was largely a personal one; he did little to rebuild the party and, in his exasperation over its archconservatives, even considered starting a new one. In 1960 his Vice President, Richard Nixon, narrowly lost to John Kennedy, who reassembled parts of the F.D.R. coalition. When Nixon won the presidency in 1968 and was then overwhelmingly re-elected four years later, the G.O.P. appeared to have its first opportunity since 1932 to become a majority party. But Watergate quickly put an end to the dream.

Though the odds are against a Republican rebound any time soon, the G.O.P. has recently acquired an important advantage in that its basic principles have returned to favor. The so-called new conservatism, if not exactly sweeping the land, is gently grazing it. As Ford and other Republicans emphasize, disappointment with many Government programs has brought a renewed respect for individualism and self-help. Dismay over the best-laid plans of bureaucrats has led to a new appreciation that the free market is the best provider of wealth. There seems to be new truth in the Republican axiom that the best government is the least government, that the most useful assistance has the fewest strings attached. As the crime rate has continued to rise, Americans are catching up with the basically Republican notion that punishment re-



IOWA GOVERNOR ROBERT RAY PERUSING POSITION PAPERS IN KANSAS CITY
A need for initiative and enterprise, expansiveness and elasticity.

mains the surest deterrent. Law-and-order is not necessarily a slogan for oppressing minorities but an essential ingredient for civilized life.

When Republicans make an effort to seek out this new awareness, they often discover it among groups that not long ago were the staunchest supporters of quite different principles. Says Charles Freeman, a Young Republican who is trying to recruit party workers: "Four years ago, I was booed off the stage when I tried to speak for Nixon at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. Now I find the students more serious about themselves and about the future, and some of them are coming into the party." Gilbert Fitzhugh, who travels to colleges to express a businessman's view, has found a dramatic shift in attitude: "Campuses are so much better than they were ten years ago that there is no comparison. The students are ahead of their teachers in their doubts about Keynesian economics. They are beginning to understand that there is no such thing as a free lunch."

Blacks are also beginning to question liberal assumptions. Willie Williams, the eleventh child of a black Mississippi sharecropper, is a realtor and Republican activist who is fed up with what he calls the Democratic snow job, or self-serving rhetoric. Republicans, he believes, could appeal to blacks by stressing economic opportunity. Says he: "I feel I can control my own destiny if I get a chance at running a small business for myself. Blacks are going to have to deal with life as it really is. There is no advantage in going to the country club if you don't have the money to buy yourself a drink." Thomas Hurt, a retired schoolteacher in Birmingham, Ala., is a loyal Republican who felt shut out by the local white party for many years. But this year he was elected a delegate to the national convention and his hopes for the party have revived: "Quite a few of the thinking class of blacks are getting away from the ultraliberalism of the Democratic Party and are tired of being heavily taxed."

Many other people would move toward the Republican Party if the G.O.P. met them halfway. This calls for a certain initiative and enterprise, expansiveness and elasticity—qualities that have been all too absent from much of the party in recent years. Says John Zagame, who two years ago plunged into politics at the age of 22 and was elected to the New York state assembly: "The only way that we can control the Government is to appeal across party lines to a broader spectrum of American people. The party's role is to proselytize its principles—less Government participation, less control, fewer subsidies, more independence for the average citizen."

On those principles, at least, the party's moderates and conservatives can find common ground—and the party

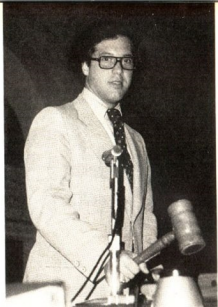
needs both groups if it is to prosper. Says Glenn Gerstell, president of the liberal Republican Ripon Society: "If there's one thing that separates a liberal Republican from a liberal Democrat, it is that Democrats when faced with social problems turn to the Government. A Republican looks to private enterprise." Jeanne Cronin, executive director of Ripon, recalls that as a social worker in Philadelphia "I saw that local control worked much better in most programs than bureaucratic control from Washington." Party liberals and conservatives can unite, she believes, in an attack on the Democratic Humphrey-Hawkins Bill, which decrees that the Federal Government must take all steps—including public employment, if necessary—to bring the jobless rate among adults down to 3% within four years. "Full employment is a good objective," she says, "but the bill unnecessarily bypasses the private sector. Too much money will be spent to set up the administrative bureaucracy."

With drive and imagination, some Republicans have given their party a new look and a new life, demonstrating what can be accomplished in the face of Democratic majorities. Among them:

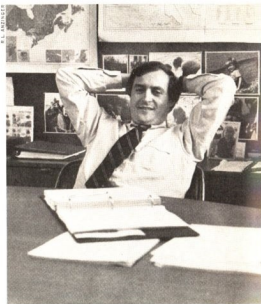
► Michigan Governor William Milliken, 54, is a fiscal conservative with close ties to the business community. Last fall he trimmed \$127.3 million from the state budget and he has started a persuasive campaign to lure new business to Michigan. He also makes frequent forays into ethnic areas and appoints blacks, Hispanics and members of other minorities to state posts. He has attracted enough activists to the party so that almost every political office will be contested by the Republicans this year. The G.O.P. is given a chance of picking up two or three congressional seats, and its candidate for the Senate, Marvin Esch, Congressman from Ann Arbor, may defeat Don Riegle, the G.O.P. renegade.

► Richard Rosenbaum, 45, chairman of the New York Republican Party, is the first Jew to hold a post that was usually occupied by upper-crust WASPs. He scarcely hides his ethnicity, which he doubtless reckons to be an asset to the G.O.P.; he is given to Yiddish slang, and during Passover he sometimes takes a lunch of matzoh and gefilte fish to meetings. Little that happens among Republicans in New York escapes his watchful eye, and his firm hand has kept some of his state's delegates from straying from President Ford. Rosenbaum has also lobbied hard in Washington for more aid to the hard-pressed Northeast. He has set up committees to draw blacks, Hispanics and other groups to the party. "Some of what we have to do is nuts-and-bolts organization. But that's only half the job. We have to broaden our appeal to pick up Democrats and independents."

► Chuck Slocum, 29, Republican State Chairman in Minnesota, would



NEW YORK ASSEMBLYMAN JOHN ZAGAME



OPINION RESEARCHER ROBERT TEETER



THE NATION

appear to have one of the most hopeless jobs in the party. He faces the awesome strength of the Democrat-Farmer-Labor Party, which fills most of the offices in the state and produces such stalwarts as Hubert Humphrey, Walter Mondale and Governor Wendell Anderson. But Slocum is not intimidated. He has been trying everything to strengthen his party, including altering its name a bit, to the Independent Republican Party. Convinced that the D.F.L. has reached its "outer limits," Slocum is appealing to all the groups who traditionally join the Democrats. The state G.O.P. now has separate divisions for women, youths, blacks, senior citizens and even labor. Says Slocum: "The polls show that most people agree with our programs, but we have a whale of a time getting that message across in a humane way."

► Robert Ray, 47, Governor of

Iowa, enjoys an 82% popularity rating by combining conservative principle with reasonable reform in a state where most other officeholders are Democrats. He has resisted general tax increases and has repealed levies on foods and drugs. He has also taken stands in favor of abortion and E.R.A. Appalled by the Goldwater disaster of 1964, which cost Iowa its Republican image, Ray resolved never to let party polarization occur again. Under his leadership the G.O.P. has slowly climbed back to a competitive position in the state. "I think the mood here is quite good," he says. "Two years ago, I made some calls to try to convince people to run for the legislature and got no's from almost everyone. This time, there's lots of enthusiasm. It's a completely different attitude."

The success of these Republicans demonstrates what G.O.P. history also

reveals: the party does best—achieves a majority and attains its goals—when it reaches outward rather than when it turns within. Its function, after all, is to perform as a political party, not as a sanctuary for inviolate ideas. Its role is to interpret these principles for a wider public, to make Republicanism a living, relevant creed. The party needs conservatives, at least some liberals, all kinds of moderates—plus women, Catholics, ethnics, blacks, and anyone else who can subscribe to most though not necessarily all Republican ideas. The old party obviously is not so grand today, yet decay is not inevitable. Republicans have made an impressive start in examining their own deficiencies, such bruising introspection being in the best Republican tradition of self-help. But the party's future will be assured only when it has made itself so vital to Americans that they cannot do without it.

THE PRESIDENCY/HIGH SIDEY

Watergate: Still an Issue?

Why have Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan been unable to rally more national support for the Republican cause? Why does Jimmy Carter—an engaging but not dynamic man—enjoy a lead of 2 to 1 in public opinion surveys? Undoubtedly that will change some after the Republicans make their choice this week and voters are confronted with a real candidate, not just a possibility. Yet the questions continue to tantalize.

Reagan's narrow base is explainable after a long season of careless talk about cutting \$90 billion from the federal

low ebb in public opinion, leading a party also in bad estate.

Does the answer to this anomaly lie in Watergate and the sins of Richard Nixon—more to the point, the sins of those who condoned and even supported Nixon right up to the end? We have constantly surprised ourselves with the impact of Watergate. It reached deeper into our lives than anybody calculated. Just last week, before he went off to chair the Republican Convention, Congressman John Rhodes wondered whether "the American people might still be of a mind to punish Republicans at the polls for the sins of a Republican President no longer around." Rhodes said he found such a prospect "unfathomable" and concluded that if voters held current Republicans responsible for Watergate and failed to show anger at Democrats for Congressional abuse and scandal, it would be the "most unconscionable double standard in the history of American politics."

Would it?

Watergate was by far the biggest and most bizarre political crime in our history. It touched more fundamental institutions and purposes than any previous corruption. The lingering concern of Americans is demonstrated by many small facts. Fifty-five percent of the people still believe it was wrong for Gerald Ford to pardon Nixon. More than 50 million people have seen the movie *All the President's Men* since it came out six months ago, putting it in the top 30 all-time big hits. The Woodward-Bernstein book *The Final Days* has sold 610,000 hardback copies in five months—one of the most successful books ever published.

It did not go unnoticed by this country's discerning public that, before the very last hours in 1974, not one single powerful voice from the Republican inner circle called the crime by its right name, identified Nixon as the principal, condemned his character and his actions, or called for his impeachment.

George Bush, chairman of the Republican National Committee in the dark days of 1974, claimed that since Nixon said he was innocent, he (Bush) had to support that contention. It was Vice President Gerald Ford who, not long before Nixon's house collapsed, told the nation: "I can say from the bottom of my heart, the President of the U.S. is innocent and he is right."

Americans who did no more than read the published transcripts soon knew better—that Nixon was neither innocent nor right. Now the same Republican leaders who so totally misread Watergate want the people of this country to forget about it and follow them. Perhaps the polls are reflecting that it may be too much for them to forget and forgive.



DUSTIN HOFFMAN & ROBERT REDFORD IN *ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN*

budget and getting tough with the Russians in Africa, plus his new-found compatibility with Liberal Senator Richard Schweiker.

But Gerald Ford's continuing unpopularity is another matter. It has been pointed out repeatedly that he is not very exciting, gives bad speeches, and now and then shows up in California when he should be behind his desk or vice versa. But this is trivial. If anything has distinguished the American people in the past several years, it has been their ability to disregard such things and get to the heart of important matters and men—like Viet Nam and Richard Nixon.

British Journalist Henry Fairlie has written of the American resurgence, of a nation regaining its courage and vigor. Yet the caretaker of this resurgence is at an extraordinarily

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DEMOCRATS

Carter's Road Show

Though the suspense-filled Republican struggle has temporarily forced Jimmy Carter out of the spotlight, the Democratic presidential nominee is in no danger of reverting to the "Jimmy who?" of pre-primary days. He is, in fact, continuing to exude—and to convey—such an aura of confidence that editors of the *Scribner-Bantam English Dictionary* have thrown caution to the winds. For a new edition to appear next January, they drafted an entry reading: "Carter, James /kär'tər/ n (1924-) 39th president of the U.S. 1977-." Although the listing can be deleted if Carter should lose the election on Nov. 2, Carter has no intention of putting the editors to that trouble.

While the G.O.P. was preparing for its Kansas City showdown, Carter's campaign had all the characteristics of a new play being tried out on the road before its Broadway opening. The reviews were generally good but not overwhelming. In swings to Manchester, N.H., Washington, D.C., Atlanta, and Charleston, W. Va., the nominee shored up his liberal credentials (actually, he prefers to call them populist), attacked the Republicans as corrupt, incompetent and insensitive, and referred to the "Nixon-Ford Administration." He evoked applause from an American Bar Association audience when he vowed "to take a new broom to Washington and do everything possible to sweep the house of Government clean."

Wooping Nader. Carter's road show was boffo with Consumer Advocate Ralph Nader, who proclaimed Carter "a breath of fresh air." During a visit with Carter in Plains, Ga., the generally aloof Nader even allowed himself to be roped into umpiring a softball game—the only one Pitcher Carter has lost in eight outings. (Joking about Nader's performance as an umpire, Carter later quipped: "Both sides said he was lousy—and I can't disagree with that.") Two days after the Plains visit, Nader introduced Carter at a Public Citizen forum in Washington, at which the nominee endorsed many of the ideas Nader has pushed for a decade: stronger antitrust enforcement, an end to the "sweetheart" arrangement whereby many federal appointees come to Government agencies from the very industries they are supposed to regulate, tax reform, and the need for a consumer protection agency.

Another friendly pilgrim to Plains, California Governor Jerry Brown, told reporters that the man he had beaten in several primaries can not only carry California but "can carry any state in the nation." Do Carter and Brown like each other? Observed Brown: "Well, I don't know ... I try to work with everybody, and as far as I know, I think Carter is a good person. I



UMPIRE RALPH NADER SIZING UP JIMMY CARTER DURING SOFTBALL GAME IN PLAINS, GA. A promise of a new broom in Washington to sweep the Government clean.

like him and want to do all I can."

There were a couple of sour notes. Interpreting a poll by Patrick Caddell as rating John Connally low on integrity, Carter in an interview needlessly added that only Alabama Governor George Wallace ranked lower. The remark recalled similarly gratuitous comments that Carter had made during the primaries about Hubert Humphrey and Ted Kennedy, and a number of the Georgian's Southern supporters let him know that they were unhappy about it. Carter lost no time in telephoning Wallace in Montgomery, Ala., to apologize.

Carter also spoke scornfully of a practice pursued by Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford (and quite a few other Presidents, though Carter neglected to say so): appointing "unsuccessful candidates" to cushy Government posts. One of the appointees specifically included in a staff-produced paper backing up the generalized claim was CIA Director George Bush, who went from a losing Texas senatorial campaign to become U.N. ambassador, then Republican National Committee chairman, then U.S. liaison chief in Peking, and now holds the nation's top intelligence job. Shortly after the speech, Bush came to Plains for a six-hour briefing of Carter on national security matters. Carter later told reporters that the use of Bush's name was the result of a staffer's mistake, and he publicly apologized to the CIA director. At the same time, however, he criticized another Republican appointee, FBI Director Clarence Kelley, for losing control of the bureau and strongly hinted that he would go if Carter becomes President.

Still, compared with the raucous Re-

publicans, Carter was making good progress preparing for the campaign. His national campaign staff—now consisting of 325 paid workers but scheduled to grow to 700 or 800 by the fall—has moved into new headquarters: three upper floors of the 24-story Colony Square building on Atlanta's Peachtree Street.

One indication of Carter's strength emerged not from his own camp but from the embattled White House. Should Ford win the nomination, the President's strategists said, he might challenge Carter to a series of debates. That would be a switch. It has usually been the challenger who has tried—generally without success—to persuade the incumbent to debate. But then, not many challengers have enjoyed a 2-to-1 margin over the incumbent in the early polls.

CRIME

Deep Six for Johnny

They buried him in the classic style. His body was sealed in an empty 55-gal. oil drum. Heavy chains were coiled around the container, and holes were punched in the sides. Then the drum was dumped in the waters off Florida. It might have stayed on the bottom indefinitely—except that the gases caused by the decomposing body gave the drum buoyancy and floated it to the surface. Three fishermen found it in Dumfries Bay near North Miami Beach. Police checked out the fingerprints of the victim with the FBI and made the identification: John Roselli, 71, a Mafia soldier of fortune who had been involved in some amazing capers—and made

THE NATION

the mistake of telling about them.

Someone had asphyxiated the old man, which should not have been hard, since he was suffering from emphysema. Suspicion quickly centered on the Mafia itself. During the final years of his life, Roselli made two cardinal errors. He called public attention to the operations of the Mafia and, much worse, he betrayed one of its members.

In June 1975, Roselli was called to testify before a special Senate Intelligence Committee that was looking into the excesses of the CIA. Customarily, members of the Mafia clam up when they get within 100 miles of a Senate committee. Roselli not only talked—he provided the details of a startling story.

erred by the CIA. For reasons that remain unclear, the mobsters muffed the job.

Five days before Roselli's testimony, Giancana had been murdered in his Oak Park, Ill., home by seven 22 bullets fired at close range into his face and neck. As it happened, Giancana was due to be called before the same Senate committee. The FBI now believes that Giancana was killed not because of his CIA-Castro connection but as a result of a bitter feud over dividing the Mob's spoils in Chicago.

The Third Man. During his testimony, Roselli not only talked freely about Giancana but also claimed that a third person took part in the anti-

in her words, a "close, personal" relationship with President John F. Kennedy. The committee, trying to determine if Kennedy had known about the CIA's plans to eliminate Castro, wondered if Exner might have told the President about the activities of Roselli and Giancana. The investigation turned up no evidence that she had.

Roselli was one of a breed that is dying off—usually by murder. Born Filippo Sacco in Italy, he entered the U.S. illegally as a child and remained in trouble for most of his life. In the '20s, he was a recruit in Al Capone's Chicago gang, reportedly as an arsonist, then moved on to bookmaking and numbers.

In the late '30s, Roselli became the Chicago Mob's man in Hollywood and was subsequently jailed for three years for plotting, with seven others, to extort \$1 million from movie companies. The muscle: threatening to use a Mafia-controlled union of stagehands to close down production unless the studios paid up. Even so, the dapper, debonair Roselli remained a luminary of sorts in Hollywood. He married a starlet, got a piece of two nightclubs, and helped produce two crime films in the late 1940s, *Canyon City* and *He Walked by Night*. Says a producer who knew him at the time: "He had direct knowledge about prisons and cops."

In the early '50s, Roselli even became a member of the Friars Club, Hollywood's frat house. He was backed by none other than Comedian George Jessel, the club's founder. "There were other members who had served sentences," Jessel recalled last week. "I said anyone who had paid his debt to society was O.K., so I made him a Friar."

Fleeing Friars. Roselli got along famously with the Jessel-Sinatra crowd, but again temptation got in his way. In 1968 he and four others were convicted of swindling members of the Friars—including Comedians Phil Silvers and Zeppo Marx and Singer Tony Martin—out of some \$400,000 by cheating at cards. The elaborate fleeing system involved observers in the attic who peered through peepholes to read the cards of the players. They then flashed coded electronic signals to a member of the ring seated at the table, who picked up the messages on equipment he wore on a girdle beneath his clothes.

Before going to jail to serve eleven months for that caper, Roselli was bold enough to betray the Mafia in 1970. At the time, a federal grand jury was investigating charges that the Mob had illegally concealed its interest in the Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas. Roselli, by then the Chicago Mob's top man in Las Vegas, talked about the scheme after being given a pledge of immunity. One of the men he discussed was Chicago's Tony Accardo.

After getting out of jail in 1971, Roselli again supervised the Chicago Mob's gambling interests in Las Vegas, while living quietly with his sister, Mrs. Jo-



JOHN ROSELLI LEAVING HEARING BEFORE THE SENATE INTELLIGENCE COMMITTEE
Stuffed into an oil drum, Mafia-style, for talking too much.

Roselli described how he and his longtime mentor, onetime Chicago Mafia Chief Momo Salvatore ("Sam") Giancana, had been recruited by the CIA in the early '60s to assassinate Fidel Castro. It made a kind of amoral sense for the agency to turn to the Mob: when the Cuban leader took power, he closed down the Mafia's big moneymaking operations in Havana. Roselli had been running the swank Sans Souci gambling casino there. Roselli told the Senators that he also saw the killing of Castro as a "patriotic" endeavor, something he could do for his country. Both poisoned cigars and poisoned pills were consid-

Castro plot: Santo Trafficante, now in his mid-60s, who has been identified as the Mafia chief in Florida. A man who abhors publicity even more than most of his colleagues, Trafficante took refuge for 18 months in Costa Rica to escape his notoriety. He returned to the U.S. shortly after Roselli talked to the Senate committee.

Three months after Roselli's first appearance before the Senate committee, he was called back. This time he told another startling story: how he and Giancana had shared the affections of an attractive brunette named Judith Campbell Exner at a time when she also had,

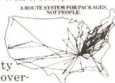


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The Federal Express COURIER PAK® is a waterproof, tearproof envelope that holds up to 2 lbs. of documents, contracts, tapes, etc. And anything you put in it can be almost anywhere in the country overnight, for only \$12.50.

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We'd be just another "me too" system of sending packages.

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The planes are the whole idea behind Federal Express.

Take them away and you might as well call somebody else.

FEDERAL EXPRESS



*Test conducted April, 1975, by Opinion Research Corporation, involving identical 9-lb. packages sent door to door. Summaries and other information available upon request from Vincent Fagan, Senior V.P., Federal Express Corporation, AMF Box 30167, Memphis, Tennessee 38130.



This mountain shows how many dust and filler pads can be saved by using the Adapta-Pak system to pack approximately 500,000 corrugated containers.

How International Paper can save packagers a stack of corrugated higher than Mt. Everest

**The new automated Adapta-Pak® packaging system forms, packs
and seals corrugated containers around products without dust and filler pads.
One user expects to save over \$90,000 a year.**

Until now, the cost of packaging products that vary in height has been sky high.

The reason: packaging had to be done mostly by hand using excessive amounts of material. And eight separate steps.

Slow. Slow. Slow.

For example, suppose you were packaging computer print-out forms.

Someone first had to line them up in uniform stacks.

Then someone else put a protective corrugated dust pad on top of each stack. Opened a pre-formed container. Placed it over the top of each stack. Then sealed the top of each container.

Another packer then inverted the containers with the forms inside. Pushed several corrugated filler pads in to prevent product shifting and damage. And sealed the other end. All by hand.

And because of air trapped between the multipart forms, each stack could vary in height from ½" to 2½". So the final packer had to guess how many corrugated filler pads to put in to fill up the space.

All this is wonderful if you don't mind the 4 to 10 cents per box

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Help has arrived

Now there's Adapta-Pak; a unique new fully automated packaging machine designed by International Paper.

Adapta-Pak quickly forms, packs and seals corrugated containers without the need for dust and filler pads. Because it makes a *customized* corrugated container for the specific product you're packing.

The Adapta-Pak system automatically *adapts* to pack each container with the same pressure. And squeezes out the trapped air.

So even if the stacks of computer forms vary in height at the start of the packaging line, all the packages come out even in height at the end.

And what you have are stronger, custom-fitted, uniform containers wrapped precisely around your product. With no dust or filler pads. No damaged edges from product shifting.

Save up to \$90,000 a year

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Because of its tremendous efficiency they figure they'll save 6 to 10 cents per corrugated container.

That's a big saving in materials for them. And important energy savings for America.

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In fact, they estimate a total savings of *over* \$90,000 a year! And their Adapta-Pak system will pay for itself in *less* than one year!

It's only the beginning

Adapta-Pak packaging offers many money-saving profit-making opportunities to many industries where the products to be packed vary in height. And that's everything from paperback books to business forms. Everything from reams of paper to floor and ceiling tiles. And more.

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Now you can make same size copies of originals from 8½" x 11" to as large as 14" x 25" on a copier that's small enough to be portable.

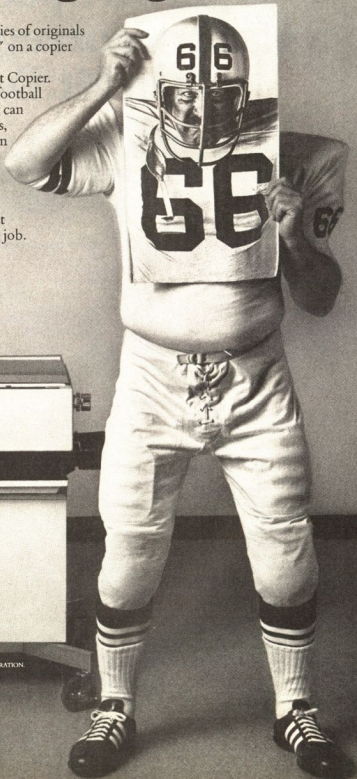
The Xerox 3100 Large Document Copier.

Besides copying photographs of football players, it's the only small copier that can make same size copies of ledger sheets, computer printout, charts, maps, even oversize engineering drawings.

And to make life even easier, the 3100 has a document feeder and easy-to-load paper cassettes.

The Xerox 3100 Large Document Copier. A little copier that does a big job.

XEROX

Reproduction of actual Xerox 3100 LDC copy.
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seph Daigle, in Plantation, Fla., just west of Fort Lauderdale. He was, his neighbors said, a nice, silver-haired gentleman who liked to walk his poodle and talk about such local worries as the caterpillars. Although he had arthritis of the spine, he played golf regularly. After another local underworld character was killed recently on the links, Roselli took the precaution of never playing the same course twice in a row. Still, he rejected his lawyer's advice to hire a bodyguard. Asked Johnny Roselli: "Why would they want to kill an old man like me?"

Aside from his proclivity for disclosing Mafia secrets, Roselli could have been killed, federal investigators suggest, because some members of his old Chicago Mob—including Tony Accardo—felt he had been keeping more than his share of the Las Vegas boodle. Following another theory, some Senators who had once laughed at his jokes during his sessions on the Hill called on the Department of Justice to find out why he was murdered. U.S. Attorney General Edward H. Levi ordered the FBI to determine whether Johnny Roselli's testimony about the CIA plot to get Castro might somehow have led to his end in an oil drum bobbing on the surface of Dumbofounding Bay.

TRIALS

Three for the Books

After long and contentious trials in California courts, verdicts were handed down last week in three well-publicized cases involving social revolution and violence:

THE HARRISES. The defendant began smiling as the foreman of the jury in the Los Angeles courtroom declared him innocent of six counts of assault with a deadly weapon. He continued to smile as the jury reduced two charges of armed robbery to the lesser crime of "taking a vehicle"—the term usually applied to joyriding. Then William Harris stopped smiling. Harris, 31, and his wife Emily, 29, listened impassively as they were found guilty of two counts of kidnapping and one of armed robbery for incidents connected with the shooting fracas in 1974 at Mel's Sporting Goods Store in Los Angeles. When sentenced later this month, the two still defiant members of the Symbionese Liberation Army—and Patty Hearst's old traveling companions—could be sent to jail for life.

The Harrises intend to appeal, maintaining that the jury was prejudiced against them. Defense Attorney Leonard Weinglass insisted that the five men and seven women who debated the Harrises' fate for 8½ days had been "tainted." Two members of the jury panel, who were not selected for the final twelve, accused Juror Ronald F. Pruyin of saying in advance of the trial that

the Harrises' guilt was "a foregone conclusion," a claim that Pruyin later denied on the stand. An old newspaper carrying a story on Patty Hearst's kidnapping was found in a men's room used by members of the jury. While the jury was being selected, three persons—who did not become jurors themselves—were seen by some chosen jurors making models of nooses on gallows. Despite Weinglass's emphasis on these events, legal experts pointed out that appeals are seldom won on such grounds, particularly when a strong case is made against the defendants.

The Harrises' legal problems do not end with this case. They still must stand trial in Oakland on a federal charge: taking part in the February 1974 kidnapping of Patty, the violent event that began the heiress's involvement with the tiny sect of S.L.A. terrorists. As for Patty, she is still undergoing psychiatric testing in San Diego while awaiting sentencing for bank robbery. She also remains under indictment on the same charges brought against the Harrises as a result of the incident at Mel's Sporting Goods Store.

THE SAN QUENTIN SIX.

After a trial of 16 months costing more than \$2 million—both California records—a jury in San Rafael finally made up its mind about the San Quentin Six, a group of convicts accused of having taken part in a spectacular, bloody and unsuccessful escape attempt on Aug. 21, 1971. Three were convicted, three acquitted. The trial followed a series of violent events centering on George Jackson, a black prisoner and social revolutionary whose bitter writings about life behind bars became a popular book (*Soledad Brother: The Prison Letters of George Jackson*).

In 1970 Jackson and two other inmates at California's Soledad Prison (the "Soledad Brothers") were accused of murdering a guard. Before they went on trial, Jackson's younger brother Jonathan led a raid on the Marin County courthouse in an unsuccessful attempt to capture hostages to exchange for the trio. Jonathan Jackson, two convicts and the judge were all killed. A year later, George Jackson himself was killed while leading an attempt to flee San Quentin. During the struggle, three guards were shot or choked to death. Three others suffered throat wounds, but survived to give dramatic, husky-voiced testimony at the trial. Johnny L. Spain was found guilty of murder and conspiring to escape. David Johnson and Hugo Pinell

were convicted of assault. All three could be given life in prison, but Spain and Pinell are already under that sentence, and Johnson is serving a 15-year maximum term for burglary. Still under indictment for conspiring in the escape attempt: activist Attorney Stephen Bingham, the nephew of New York Congressman Jonathan Bingham and grandson of a former Connecticut Governor and U.S. Senator. The state charges that Bingham slipped a 9-mm. Spanish Astra pistol to Jackson, who hid it under an Afro-style wig and used it in the assault. A fugitive from justice, Bingham is thought to be in Canada.

THE MANSON "FAMILY." The state court of appeals ruled that Leslie Van



MANSON GIRLS (VAN HOUTEN, RIGHT) ON WAY TO COURT
A new trial for one of the Manson girls.

Houten, 27, deserved a new trial on charges that she had joined five members of Charles Manson's bloodthirsty cult in killing Actress Sharon Tate and six others in 1969. The court found that Van Houten had been denied a fair trial because her lawyer, Ronald Hughes, disappeared while the case was in progress; he has still not been found. But the three-judge panel denied the appeals of Manson, Susan Atkins and Patricia Krenwinkel, who claimed that pretrial publicity and improper conduct by the prosecution had denied them justice. Manson, Atkins and Krenwinkel had all been given life sentences earlier.

Message to America

from Yugoslavia's President Josip Broz Tito

As part of this year's Bicentennial observances, TIME asked leaders of nations around the world to address the American people through the pages of TIME on how they view the U.S. and what they hope, and expect, from the nation in the years ahead. This message from President Tito of Yugoslavia is the fifth in a series.

I wish to extend my most cordial congratulations to the American people on the occasion of the Bicentennial of the United States of America, the anniversary of that historic day when, as a result of the struggle by men and women of the "New World" for liberation from colonial oppression and foreign domination, a revolutionary political charter—the Declaration of Independence—was proclaimed.

This struggle and the Declaration manifested a number of illuminating truths that have survived the past two centuries and inspired many generations. These truths are that all men are equal before the law, that national sovereignty is the highest principle, and that to live in freedom and independence is the sacred and inalienable right of man.

The proclamation of human rights and democratic political principles has exercised significant impact on many a similar document as well as on liberation movements all over the world. The vitality of these principles has been corroborated by history. They not only have opened the prospects of free development and the building up of the United States of America and of the American nation but also have encouraged other nations in their struggle for freedom and independence.

Impressive achievements both in the material and the spiritual spheres have sprung out of the powerful and rich resources with which nature has endowed the United States of America, as well as from the diligent hands and the creative genius of the immigrants from many countries of other continents.

That is why we too recall with pride many sons and daughters of Yugoslav descent who have contributed by their work to the development of America. These numerous Americans originating in Yugoslavia have been, and will remain a living link of friendship between Yugoslavia and the U.S.

Such famous figures as the scientist and inventor Nikola Tesla and Physicist Michael Pupin come to our memory. So do the names of the violinist and philanthropist Zlatko Bačković, one of the founders and chairman of the Society of Friends of New Yugoslavia in the U.S.; of Louis Adamic, the author and publicist; Ivan Mestrovic, great genius of sculpture; and many others.

Many of our people live and work throughout the U.S. They maintain regular contacts with "the old country" and their relatives. They were those who actively supported Yu-

goslavia during the second World War and helped in the post-war reconstruction of the devastated old homeland.

The peoples of Yugoslavia and of the United States were held together in the most crucial years of this century, fighting as allies in the two World Wars. Our two countries were among the founding members of the United Nations organization after the second World War, and since have continuously promoted their traditionally friendly relations and mutual cooperation based on equality.

The celebration of the Bicentennial of the United States of America, in which our country is also taking part, offers us the opportunity to express once again our faith in further successful development of cooperation, notwithstanding some differences in views and stances.

The Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia, as a non-aligned country, has been striving to have respect for independence become the basic criterion of international behavior. This is the lasting principle of our foreign policy.

For more than 15 years, nonaligned countries have drawn attention to the deep roots of instability in the contemporary world. They have been exerting efforts toward finding solutions to acute world problems and further consolidating forces desiring active peaceful co-existence and relaxation of tensions in international relations.

Yugoslavia has pledged itself to the easing of tensions beyond the narrow framework of big-power relations, so as to encompass all regions and all spheres of international relations. The existing hotbeds of crisis, which can at any moment become a source of new conflicts, should be eliminated as a matter of urgency, in conformity with the charter and relevant resolutions of the United Nations.

We have reached a historic watershed on the road of creating new constructive and humane political and economic relations among nations, relations

that would make it possible for mankind to live without apprehension for their future, to develop without constraints utilizing all achievements created by the human mind.

We in Yugoslavia are highly appreciative of and admire the progress made in science and technology and accomplishments in other spheres of creativity in the U.S. These impressive results become eventually a common property of mankind. We hope that in the future the United States of America will contribute even more to overall human progress, to life in peace and freedom.

In extending our best wishes to the American people on this great Bicentennial occasion, we should like to wish also for further promotion of cooperation and strengthening of friendship between the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia and the United States of America.



SIMON—KATHERINE YOUNG

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At the turn of the century, when America was picking up speed, almost all the bearings it rolled on came from Europe. In 1911, a group of Connecticut Yankees decided to change all that and started The Fafnir Bearing Company. Their initial target: 150 ball bearings a day.

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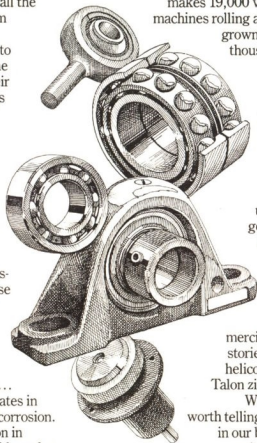
So today, Textron's Fafnir Bearing Division makes 19,000 varieties of bearings, to keep machines rolling all over the world. Fafnir has grown from seven people to seven thousand. And it expects to keep on growing... as it continues to work on new ways to do what people want done. That's what private enterprise is all about.

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It's a story that people can understand and maybe even get excited about. So Textron has made it into a television commercial. You can see it on the election coverage programs of the NBC and ABC networks.

Together with other commercials like it dealing with other stories from Textron—about Bell helicopters, Homelite chain saws, Talon zippers. And there'll be more.

We think stories like these are worth telling. You'll find several of them in our booklet "How Private Enterprise Works at Textron". Write: Textron, Dept. R, Providence, R.I. 02903.

**TEXTRON**



BLACK DEMONSTRATORS RETREATING FROM POLICE DOG AFTER ATTEMPTING TO STORM POLICE STATION NEAR CAPE TOWN

THE WORLD

SOUTH AFRICA

Into a Season of Smoke and Fire

A midwinter cold snap hit South Africa last week, bringing snow to some areas and subfreezing temperatures everywhere. Over a number of the black townships that are often wreathed in coal-fire smog, there arose, too, the smoke and flames of arson and the swirling white clouds of police tear gas. By week's end, at least 34 blacks had been killed and 150 injured in renewed rioting across the country. After the June toll of 176 dead in Johannesburg's Soweto township, the eruption of violence raised anew the question of whether South Africa can avoid outright racial war. So far, the white centers remain peaceful, but their long-term prospects are not good.

Black Power. The new fighting started in Langa township, outside Cape Town, the nation's second largest city, where several hundred black students marched out of the Langa high school, formed a phalanx on an adjoining athletic field and began chanting for "black power." Police, using bullhorns, warned them to disperse. The students answered with clenched-fist salutes and a barrage of rocks and bottles. Tear gas disrupted the demonstration, but not for long. Then the police turned fierce Alsatian dogs loose on the students. The police waded in after them for what one observer contemptuously called "a first-class Kaffir-bashing." When night fell, the students were joined by workmen returning from their jobs in Cape

Town, and the mob set afire more than a score of buildings—beer halls, liquor stores, schools, post offices—in Langa and two other townships. Several cars, too, were stopped, overturned and put to the torch. That was when the police started shooting. Twenty-seven people died that night.

Next day some 1,000 blacks rushed the Langa police station. The police again opened fire and killed at least two more people. Other demonstrators set up roadblocks and stoned trains and buses to prevent workers from going to their jobs in Cape Town. There, as in Johannesburg's Soweto, the tactic failed to disrupt business and industry seriously, but managed to intimidate many black workers. As one Johannesburg worker told Lee Griggs, *TIME's* Africa bureau chief: "They scare me. This morning some young ones tried to make me stay in Soweto. 'Do not go,' they said. 'Today we march and we may get shot. You must stay home and be here to bury us.' Nobody ever said things like that in Soweto before."

When the current round of rioting broke out in Soweto this month, white officials started talking about a

new deal for blacks. Early last week Justice Minister James Kruger declared: "Make no mistake. The government will not turn a deaf ear to black grievances. I want blacks to have far more say in areas relating to law and order, and I hope all policing of black townships can soon be done by blacks themselves." But government attitudes quickly hardened. After remaining silent for nearly a week, Prime Minister John Vorster warned: "If there are grievances, the door is open to hear those grievances, but the gov-

POLICEMEN ARMED WITH CLUBS SUBDUING DEMONSTRATOR





BODIES OF BLACK GUERRILLAS KILLED BY RHODESIAN ARMY
After the euphoria, some sober second thoughts.

ernment will certainly not be railroaded into panic action." Later Kruger refused to meet with black leaders. "If the students think they can get concessions by rioting," he said, "they are making a very big mistake."

From Johannesburg, Correspondent Griggs reported: "A disturbing pattern is beginning to emerge. Riots break out and the government talks of conciliation. Then violence dies down and the government talks tough and refuses concessions, thereby inviting still more disturbances. Unless the Vorster government is prepared to come up with such concessions as land ownership and perhaps citizenship within white South Africa's black areas—and not just citizenship in the autonomous homelands—trouble in the townships seems bound to continue."

■ ■ ■
If South Africa's internal troubles could be isolated from what is taking place beyond its borders, Vorster's government could undoubtedly stand the strain. But the external pressure grows ever more intense. Gone are the Portuguese bulwarks of Angola and Mozambique, transformed into militant leftist states. In neighboring Namibia (South West Africa), a onetime League of Nations mandated territory that South Africa has been running since 1920, a guerrilla rebellion is smoldering on. To the north, in Rhodesia, a far more serious guerrilla war is in its fourth year, and last week it threatened to explode into all-out fighting.

The white settlers who live along Rhodesia's 800-mile border with Mozambique have long been urging Prime Minister Ian Smith to strike back at the black guerrillas who are based behind that border. Last week, after a guerrilla raid in which five Rhodesian soldiers were killed, Smith did just that. He sent a large mechanized force 25 miles into Mozambican territory, where it inflicted the heaviest casualties so

far. According to Salisbury, 340 guerrillas were killed in the raid. Mozambique, however, claimed that the Rhodesians had struck a refugee camp killing more than 600 civilians.

The raid did wonders for the white Rhodesians' morale. Some of them broke out champagne and compared the operation to Israel's rescue of hostages at Entebbe Airport last month. As the euphoria wore off, however, there were some sober second thoughts on whether Mozambique might now declare all-out war on Rhodesia. Opposition Leader Allan Savory of the Rhodesia Party warned his countrymen, "The long-term effect of this strike will be to escalate the war."

Retaliation came quickly from Mozambique. The following morning, a mortar-and-rocket barrage struck the outskirts of Umtali, causing several hundred whites to be evacuated to the Hotel Cecil in the center of town. Umtali officials gamely announced that the annual agricultural show would open on schedule, but the thud of exploding shells heard clearly throughout the city that morning gave residents a grim reminder that they were within easy range of the 10,000-man Mozambican army. It was the first bombardment of a Rhodesian city since the guerrilla campaign began in earnest in December 1972, and it was not likely to be the last.

BERLIN

The Wall Triumphant

It was still pitch dark when the Soviet T-34S tanks clattered up to Brandenburg Gate and East German soldiers began unloading the first concrete blocks and the barbed wire. As the day dawned, crowds of Berliners gathered to watch what was happening: the building of a giant wall through the heart of their city. Last week, on

THE WORLD

the 15th anniversary of that gray morning, thousands of East German Communists paraded near the 25-mile barricade to celebrate it as a protection against "Western revanchists and provocateurs." On the Western side, the Christian Democrats countered with a solemn torchlight march to the former Reichstag (parliament) building.

However reviled in the West, the Berlin Wall has achieved its grim purposes. The flow of refugees through West Berlin has been reduced from a pre-Wall high of as many as 20,000 people in one day to a mere trickle of 900 in 1975. By sealing off the exodus of professional and skilled labor, the Wall has helped turn East Germany into the world's most prosperous Communist nation.

East Germany's rise to international respectability has embittered and demoralized the West Berliners who remain stranded 110 miles from the nearest Western border, and who are exposed daily to Communist pressures that sporadically explode into major incidents. Although kept alive by massive infusions of money from Bonn, West Berlin is languishing. Once a vibrant citadel, it has acquired a glum and shabby look. Even the famous Kurfürstendamm has only about six blocks of tourist-attracting brightness, and the rest looks run down and dreary.

Death Zone. Since the Wall was built, 70 people have been trapped and killed among the wires, land mines and machine-gun towers that form a 100-yd. "death zone" along the border. At least 100 more people have been killed trying to cross the East German frontier at other points, and there seems to be no lessening of the vigilance.

Last month a vacationer from Hamburg strayed too near the border fence along its northern stretch, so the East German guards shot him and dragged him through the fence for interrogation. Several days later, a young Hamburg musician tried to engage an East German border guard in a chat about Western music. The response: a fusillade that sent the musician scrambling to safety in some nearby bushes. In the most recent incident, an Italian truck driver, who happened to be a member of the Communist Party, crossed legally into West Germany at a checkpoint in Bavaria, but then he was called back by the Eastern border guards. As he walked toward the checkpoint, the guards inexplicably opened fire and killed him.

All along the Wall, East German authorities are renovating the barrier. Grimy, brown sections are being replaced with prefabricated, white-washed concrete slabs. The old sections were 10 ft. high; the new ones rise to 12 ft. Finding the new whitewashed wall even more offensive than the original, West Berliners risk the wrath of trigger-happy guards to smear angry slogans on it. "It is there, and we have to live with the damn thing," said one elderly man. "But we hate it!"

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Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
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Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	*2	*0.2
Carlton Menthol	*2	*0.2
Carlton 70	*1	*0.1

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WHY BOB RYERSE USES A PITNEY BOWES POSTAGE METER TO MAIL AS FEW AS FIVE LETTERS A DAY.

For 25 years now, the people of Simcoe, Ontario, have been buying their flowers from Bob Ryerse at Ryerse Brothers Flowers on Norfolk Street, North.

The place is a landmark with its breathtaking bloom of azaleas and geraniums planted around the grounds every spring. Bob runs the business with his wife Barb and their teenage daughter, Shelley, who helps out after school.

When Bob and Barb aren't taking care of their customers, they're taking care of their outgoing mail. Correspondence, statements and invoices—it's all essential and it all has to get out. As small as the flower shop is, Bob still found plenty of room to misplace or lose his stamps.

So just about five years ago, Bob and Barb got themselves a Pitney Bowes Touchmatic® postage meter mailing machine.

"Today getting the mail out every day is an easy job," says Bob. "My Touchmatic not only meter stamps and moistens the envelopes fast, but it even keeps an automatic record of what I've spent on postage for the year."

Bob also likes the way the meter stamp can speed his mail through the post office faster, since it's already been postmarked, dated and cancelled.

"Best of all," concludes Bob, "I've never lost, torn or misplaced a meter stamp. And with my postage meter, I always have the right denomination."

If you're beginning to think that your business could benefit from the convenience of a Pitney Bowes Mailing System, write us. Pitney Bowes, 1247 Pacific St., Stamford, Connecticut 06904.



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LEBANON

Every Circle of Hell

Tel Zaatar

Your walls have become the people's newspaper.

The bomb in your hand explodes into a poem.

The tresses of all the women of the earth yearn to become your flag.

All the books of poetry dream of becoming exploding mines under your soil.

—Moayin Bseiso, Palestinian poet, 1976

Even in the best of times, the refugee camp at Tel Zaatar, meaning Hill of Thyme, was a terrible place to live. An island of sweltering poverty not far from the high-rises of Beirut's Christian merchants, it had no modern plumbing, and water had to be drawn from wells and carried by hand to the tin-roofed shacks where the refugees lived.

The original Palestinian refugees in the camp—both Christians and Moslems—came from villages along the border of what is now northern Israel. They settled at Tel Zaatar in 1950. Later they were joined by impoverished Lebanese from areas of South Lebanon devastated by Israeli attacks. The flow of refugees eventually swelled to a crushing total of 30,000. At Tel Zaatar they provided a cheap labor force for the Christian-owned factories in the area. For most, it was a sweatshop existence in airless rooms where they rolled tobacco or cut cloth or finished dresses.

Major Offensive. There were skirmishes between the Palestinians and the Christian Phalangists going back to 1969. Eventually the encircled Palestinians began stockpiling arms, food, medicine, ammunition. At the same time, they built underground shelters that were to prove the backbone of resistance. On June 22, as the civil war grew fiercer, the Christian rightists launched a major offensive against Tel Zaatar and its sister camp, Jisr Basha, which fell a week later.

Early in the siege, the Palestinians twice raised—and twice betrayed—the white flag of surrender. They did so with bitter calculation. As the Christians drew near to accept what they thought was Palestinian capitulation, the Palestinians gunned down the would-be victors. "We did this so that there would be no temptation later in the battle to contemplate surrender," one Palestinian commando explained. "By deceiving the enemy, crying wolf, we closed the door on any possibility that our white flag would be honored."

In this all-out struggle, the women fought alongside the men. Carrying field radios on their backs, they acted as artillery spotters, calling in the Palestinian long-range artillery and rockets poised in West Beirut. At least 20 were killed



PALESTINIAN REFUGEES FLEEING TEL ZAAATAR AFTER CHRISTIANS CAPTURE THE CAMP

in action. The children, too, joined in. Toward the end, the brunt of the fighting was borne by the Palestinian Ashbals (Sons of the Lion), youthful fighters often no more than 13 years old.

That the Palestinians managed to hold out as long as they did was something of a miracle. *TIME's* Dean Breils cabled: "Overlooking Tel Zaatar from the Christian headquarters, I could not see how anyone remained alive in the camp. The Christians had every kind of artillery piece from 75-mm. howitzers to 155-mm. heavies. The arsenal of machine guns ripped into the fragile tin-roofed shelters of Tel Zaatar with the thundering force of an avalanche. Later, talking to Jean Hoefliger, chief of the International Red Cross, who had just gone into the camp to help the wounded, I asked him what it was like. 'Every circle of hell,' he said."

Last week the Christians' final assault began with a devastating artillery barrage. The defenders were hardly able to resist. Said one of the last radio messages from inside the camp: "We are without water. We are close to the breaking point. Three thousand people are seriously wounded or dying of hunger. Every empty plot of ground is the site of a grave."

Surprise Attack. The breaking point came, according to several survivors, with another trick. Red Cross trucks approached the camp, and the defenders thought they were part of an already settled plan to evacuate noncombatants. They held their fire. Thereupon Christian troops launched a surprise attack while the trucks fled.

Palestinian youths fought on for several hours in hand-to-hand combat, but by now thousands of refugees were streaming out of the camp through a hail of sniper fire and heading toward West Beirut. There many waited at a sport-relief center for relocation in empty Beirut apartments and villages in southern Lebanon. Mostly they were the very old, the very young or women. "We ran out of water, out of food, out of everything,"



RED CROSS WORKER & WOUNDED CHILD
Something of a miracle.

said one elderly man, Abdullah Youssif Joumah, as he wiped away tears with his white kaffiyeh. Said another: "The boys who were fighting, may God rest their souls, were all killed."

When the seven-week siege was over, the Christians could claim one of the most decisive victories of the 16-month civil war. A major Moslem enclave in Christian territory had been obliterated, and the tormented nation had advanced one step closer to partition. Although both sides insist they still want a united Lebanon, each has begun setting up a separate administration in its own territory.

On the Hill of Thyme, a steam shovel scooped up a dozen corpses in front of a crumbling building. Its last living inhabitant, a 111-year-old man named Mohammed Selim Kanaan, was carried out as bands of looters wandered through the streets with armfuls of blankets, radios and canned foods. In the distance, a bell slowly tolled.

ITALY

Hanging by a Thread

It seemed a familiar scene. Italy's ruling Christian Democrats were serving up still another new Cabinet to the Chamber of Deputies last week, the country's 39th government since the fall of Fascism. The Premier was Giulio Andreotti, 57, an urbane party regular, a Premier twice before and a minister 16 times over. But there was something new added. For the first time in 28 years, Italy's huge (116 Senators and 228 Deputies) Communist Party had come out of opposition, and it was only on the strength of its abstentions that Andreotti was able to muster a vote of confidence for his fledgling minority government. The tally in the Chamber was 258 for the new government, 44 against and 303 abstentions. "All we have to do is blow, and the government will topple," crowed one top Communist official. "It will be hanging by a thread."

Enduring Crisis. To gain Communist Party suzerainty, Andreotti pledged the Christian Democrats to a heady program of reforms. He promised crack-downs on tax evaders as well as terrorists and plumped for several favorite Communist projects: a campaign to create more jobs for young people, more investment in Italy's chronically poor southern regions, and soft loans for new industrial investment. He laid major stress on lifting the country out of its enduring economic crisis, with plans to combat Italy's 22% inflation, 7% unemployment and \$15 billion foreign debt. But with so many promises to fulfill, Andreotti conceded that government spending could only be held down, not reduced.

PREMIER ANDREOTTI IN PARLIAMENT



Despite his efforts to please, Andreotti won no bravos from the Communists. Speaking from high among the party benches on the left side of the oak-paneled Chamber of Deputies, Party Leader Enrico Berlinguer wryly characterized the direction of the new government as too "uncertain" to merit anything better than an opposition vote. But since "everyone knows that if we were to vote against it, the government would fall in that instant," he added, "we have decided instead to abstain and let this government commence its activities." Reserving the right to judge the new regime "moment by moment," Berlinguer described his party's position as cooperative but still retaining "something of the claw of opposition."

He came on like the Sun King," grouched Socialist Leader Giacomo Mancini of Berlinguer's political *hauteur*.

Indeed, the steadily advancing Communists have plenty of recent triumphs to revel in. A week after orthodox Marxist Pietro Ingrao became the first Communist president of the Chamber of Deputies, party members were awarded chairmanships of seven of Parliament's 26 committees, including key finance and budget posts. Then last week, just twelve hours before Berlinguer's condescending acceptance of the Christian Democrat regime, a Communist-sponsored candidate was overwhelmingly elected mayor of Rome. Professor Giulio Carlo Argan, 67, a renowned art historian and an independent elected to the city council on the Communist ticket last June, set a new tone for the Eternal City—and proffered an olive branch to the edgy Vatican—by quoting both Marx and St. Augustine in his acceptance speech. With that move, the Communists now control all the major city halls on the Italian mainland.

However Marxist the Italian government may eventually become, the Communists presently seem intent on making it at least look even more bourgeois than usual. One of Ingrao's first acts as president of the Chamber of Deputies was to order the house officers to enforce a sometimes ignored rule on the parliamentary floor: all members must wear neckties.

FRANCE

Cain and Abel

Philippe Levasseur was the good one. He was 25, quiet, slender, clean-cut, a steady worker. Until about six months ago, he lived at home with his parents, farm workers in the Normandy village of Londinières. Then he went to the nearby port of Dieppe and got a job working in the oyster beds.



BROTHERS PHILIPPE & GILBERT LEVASSEUR
Who could tell them apart?

Gilbert Levasseur was the bad one. An occasional stevedore on the Dieppe piers, a drifter, a petty thief, he drank heavily, and then would get into fights. He was even known as "*Judoka*," the judo expert, because of his brawling.

Despite their differences, Philippe and Gilbert were identical twins. Said Police Captain Pierre Patruel: "They resembled each other so much that you would have to see them standing next to each other to pick out the slight differences between them." Some of the neighbors referred to them as Cain and Abel.

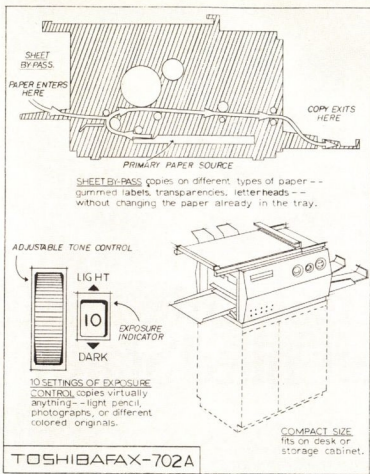
The Levasseurs, who have six other children, expelled Gilbert from their home five years ago; so the twins scarcely saw each other until Philippe followed his brother to work in Dieppe last spring. Then they quarreled whenever they met. Gilbert began deliberately to involve his unwitting twin in his own capers. He would order dinner in a restaurant, refuse to pay the bill and then identify himself as Philippe. Once he stole a truck, and it was Philippe who found himself answering police questions. Just two weeks ago, Philippe encountered some sailors who told him he had made a fool of himself in a barroom brawl the night before (when, of course, he had been home in bed).

Storm of Curses. That weekend, when Philippe went home to Londinières to visit his parents, he was surprised to encounter his wastrel brother Gilbert in a café. Gilbert was already drunk. "I have to put up with you in Dieppe, but I'm not going to stand having you here," shouted Philippe. They started quarreling again. Philippe ordered Gilbert to get out of Londinières and go back to Dieppe.

Gilbert went outside and tried hitchhiking to Dieppe, but he could not get a ride. Then he started running drunkenly through a cornfield. Philippe ran after him. In a sudden onrush of pity, Philippe urged the bedraggled Gilbert to come and spend the night in his room. Gilbert replied with a storm of curses.

Philippe, the good twin, his patience finally exhausted, fell upon Gilbert, the bad twin, and strangled him. Then he went to the police and confessed: "I have killed my brother."

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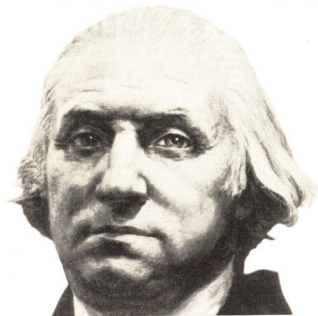
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MONTEDISON

FINANCIAL STATEMENTS 1975

During the course of 1975, the progress of MONTE-DISON and of its major subsidiaries was conditioned by the recession which characterized the entire year. The reduction in total proceeds, opposed to an increase in operating costs, resulted for MONTE-DISON S.p.A. in a loss of 72.6 billion Lire (\$ 106.3 million), after depreciation and amortization totalling 161.3 billion Lire (\$ 236.2 million) applying the standard fiscal rates. Also the other major associated Companies of the Group closed the year with negative results. During the Stockholders' Meeting held in Milan on April 22, the financial report was approved and it was decided to partially cover the loss of the year utilizing 24.1 billion Lire (\$ 35.3 million) from prior years' earnings and 28.8 billion Lire (\$ 42.2 million) from the fund for stabilization of dividends. The remaining loss, equal to 19.7 billion Lire (\$ 29.2 million), was then carried forward.

The financial result was influenced by exceptional items both active and passive. During the recession plagued 1975, MONTE-DISON S.p.A. obtained proceeds from sales in the amount of 1,889.6 billion Lire (\$ 2,766.6 million); a 17.8% decline as compared to 1974. For the MONTE-DISON Group as a whole, the total consolidated proceeds, i.e. the total sales to third parties, were 3,535 billion Lire (\$ 5,175.7 million); a decline of 12.2% as compared to 1974.

For MONTE-DISON S.p.A., the major reduction of proceeds came from basic chemicals and plastics. Almost all of the Associated Companies in Italy operating in the chemical field had unsatisfactory financial results.

Abroad, however, Subsidiaries producing chemicals had a more favorable year; in particular, NOVAMONT, which produces polypropylene in the United States was able to operate at a profit since the market started recovering at the beginning of the second half of 1975. NOVAMONT's profit confirmed its strong position in the U.S. Market. This corporation is undergoing an expansion program with the building of a new polypropylene plant.

In the United States the new Company SWEDCAST was formed which is entirely owned by the MONTE-DISON Group. SWEDCAST runs the polymethylacrylate sheet factory bought by MONTE-DISON from Swedlow, in order to acquire their know-how and vast experience in research. This new enterprise is important in relation to the Group's expansion in the field of **technopolymers**; the Company ended the year with a profit. The Dutch CNA, which operates in the **nitrogen fertilizers field** increased its sales taking advantage of the low cost for raw materials and of the high productivity of its labor force. The Company closed 1975 with excellent results.

The Spanish Company PAULAR, owned 50% by MONTE-DISON and 50% by the Spanish Group ENPETROL, closed the year with an acceptable profit after a slow start in 1975.

In the **engineering field**, TECNIMONT continued to operate successfully and is currently involved in a number of important projects in Italy, and, to a greater extent, abroad.

In the **pharmaceutical field**, the successful introduction of new specialties resulted in increased sales.

During 1975, our foreign Subsidiaries, operating in the **pharmaceutical field**, showed a substantial increase in turnover over the previous year and achieved as a whole a break-even result.

During 1975 reorganization of these companies began in order to improve the MONTE-DISON Group's presence in the **pharmaceutical field** abroad; their interests were concentrated in the Swiss holding Company, SOPACO.

Our Associated Companies operating in MONTE-DISON **fiber and textile field** had a difficult year.

MONTEFIBRE, in particular, had to face the recession while undergoing a restructuring process; this resulted in heavy losses.

Also foreign subsidiaries in the **fiber field** had to face an unfavorable year; MONTEFIBRE FRANCE, particularly, closed with a sizeable loss.

The Companies operating in the **retailing field**, and STANDA in particular, were affected by the reduced consumer demand and the increase in operating expenses, resulting mainly from higher labor cost and therefore STANDA closed 1975 with heavy losses.

Among STANDA's subsidiaries, FIORUCCI ended the year in a profitable position. The Companies operating in the **mechanical, electromechanical and electronic fields**, increased their proceeds compared to 1974, but closed the year with losses, particularly significant for MAGRINI GALILEO and IME.

During 1975, the Group - implementing the medium term development program - made new capital expenditures amounting to 619 billion Lire (\$ 906.3 million), 90% of which related to the **chemical, pharmaceutical and textile fields**. Our activity in **Research and Technological Development** showed interesting achievements.

Following our success in developing new high yield catalysts for polypropylene, an agreement was reached with MITSUI PETROCHEMICAL of Japan for cooperation in this particular field, in which MITSUI also has been very active. It resulted in a new process which has stirred considerable interest among producers of this polymer.

Another important agreement was the licensing to AIPSA of Spain, of MONTE-DISON's original process for the purification of pyrite cinders. The engineering will be handled in cooperation with the two Companies McKEE and DORR OLIVER.

Replying to the questions raised by some of the stockholders present at the meeting, MONTE-DISON Chairman reported that the demand in the chemical industry is beginning to show signs of improvement also in Italy. In point of fact, the consolidated turnover for MONTE-DISON Group during the first quarter of 1976 amounted to 1,000 billion Lire (\$ 1,464.1 million) with an increase of 24% over the same period of 1975.

This improvement should not lead to minimize the worries arising from a continuous increase of operating costs and the restrictions on the pricing of fertilizers, pharmaceutical and oil products imposed by Italian legislation.

Finally, the continuous increase in labor cost, the need to restructure the fiber sector and the problems arising from a financial framework which, in common with the majority of Italian Companies, suffers from the inadequacy of self-financing should not be underestimated.

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► **Common Stock**

(\$5 Par Value)

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The several underwriters have agreed, subject to certain conditions, to purchase any unsubscribed shares and, both during and following the subscription period, may offer shares of Common Stock as set forth in the Prospectus.

► **Subscription Price \$15.75 per share**

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TURKISH TRAWLER *SISMİK-1*, EQUIPPED FOR UNDERWATER OIL EXPLORATION

THE AEGEAN

Acts of Piracy?

Knives slashed across the throats of two sheep, and their blood gushed out onto the quay jutting into Istanbul harbor. The traditional Moslem rite of sacrifice was supposed to guarantee a safe voyage for a blue-and-gray-hulled exploration vessel named *Sismik-1*. As the 1,200-ton Turkish ship steamed toward the Dardanelles, she was saluted by a cacophony of ship's whistles.

Even before the *Sismik* entered the Aegean Sea, the Greek government had angrily threatened naval intervention, and last week it demanded a U.N. Security Council session to stop the Turkish ship. Retorted Turkey's Premier Süleiman Demirel: "Interception of the *Sismik* will be an act of piracy. Short work is made of pirates."

Huge Oilfield. The conflict was not simply over one ship, of course, but over its mission: to search for oil. Ever since the discovery of oil off the Greek island of Thassos in 1974, there has been speculation that the Aegean might contain a huge oilfield. For both, the cost of oil has consumed 80% of foreign currency earnings, so each considers the search for new sources a matter of survival. When several foreign companies rejected Turkey's invitation to explore the disputed waters, the Turks decided to set out on their own. At a cost of \$3.7 million, they equipped a trawler with seismic devices for underwater exploration.

The dispute involves sharply different views of the laws of the sea. Greece, citing the Geneva Convention of 1958, claims that each of its 3,049 Aegean islands has its own continental shelf extending outward until the water reaches a depth of 660 ft. Turkey, which never ratified the convention, claims that the only way to define the border is by the Anatolian Shelf, which extends midway out into the Aegean. The Greeks maintain that their view was endorsed at this year's continuing U.N. Conference on the Law of the Sea. Says Turkey's President Fahri Korutürk: "The Aegean is an extension of Asia Minor, and we will

never allow it to be turned into an internal sea of any other country."

By the time the *Sismik* reached the Aegean, the whole 17,500-man Greek navy—seven submarines, 15 destroyers and 25 patrol boats—was on alert. Its main points of concern were the islands of Lemnos, Lesbos, Chios and Rhodes, all within 20 miles of the Turkish coast. During her first days in the Aegean, the *Sismik* confined herself to what were clearly Turkish waters, but then she began taking soundings off Lemnos. The Greek destroyer *Lightning* was ordered to close in on the *Sismik*. Its instructions: "Hold your fire, but be prepared for any eventuality." At the same time, however, fresh Turkish troops of the Fourth Army were reinforcing the combat units already positioned on the Cesme Peninsula, within three miles of the Greek island of Chios. Through field glasses, Greek troops on Chios could clearly see the movement of artillery and amphibious landing craft.

In Athens, top Greek military commanders advised Premier Constantine Caramanlis to sink the *Sismik*. Socialist Party Leader Andreas Papandreu urged the same course. "Treat the *Sismik* as if she were Turkish troops on Greek land," he said.

Despite all the rhetoric, Caramanlis feared that a resort to violence might jeopardize Greece's efforts to join the

THE WORLD

Common Market, a basic policy of his two-year-old regime. So he decided to limit himself to diplomacy. In addition to calling for the U.N. meeting, which convened in New York and heard the arguments of both sides, without coming to a decision, he appealed to the International Court of Justice at The Hague for a quick ruling. He also called for a conference of the heads of state of all Balkan nations. And as a final touch, he sent a Greek oil-exploration vessel, the 1,300-ton *Nautilus*, out on its own survey of the Aegean.

So far, the only blood spilled has been that of the two sheep.

HISTORICAL NOTES

Forget the Maine

On the night of Feb. 15, 1898, the U.S. battleship *Maine* mysteriously exploded and sank in Havana Harbor, where it had gone to protect American lives during the Cuban revolt against Spanish rule. Out of 354 men aboard the *Maine*, 260 died. Though the Spanish denied any responsibility, jingoistic U.S. newspapers charged that a Spanish mine had caused the explosion. "Destruction of the *Maine* was the work of an enemy," charged William Randolph Hearst's newly founded *New York Journal* as it offered a \$50,000 reward for conviction of whoever had done the deed. Scarcely two months later, the U.S. declared war on Spain, and one of its battle cries was "Remember the *Maine*!"

Last week Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, 76, head of the Navy's nuclear-propulsion department, said it was all an accident. In his preface to a 173-page book entitled *How the Battleship Maine Was Destroyed*, which is based on a resurvey of the evidence by two prominent Navy scientists, Rickover argues that there is no sign of the kind of "rupture or deformation which would have resulted from a contact mine." What did cause the blast? Probably, says Rickover, a spontaneous combustion of bituminous coal in the *Maine*'s fuel hold, and then an explosion of its ammunition.

ARTIST'S VERSION OF DESTRUCTION OF U.S. BATTLESHIP *MAINE* IN HAVANA HARBOR



Delaunay's Flying Discs

For most of the 35 years since he died of cancer in 1941, Robert Delaunay has been an anomaly, slightly blurred in silhouette—the Cubist Who Wasn't. He painted the Eiffel Tower over and over again. He made a series of compositions based on brightly banded circles, one of which—*The First Disc*, 1912—is almost certainly the first abstract picture painted in France by a Frenchman. Born in 1885, a few years after Braque and Picasso, he tended to be conventionally pigeonholed by art historians as one of their more gifted epigones. And yet, as one can plainly see

tables, guitars, fruit and playing cards, were scarcely different as subjects from those of Caravaggio or Chardin. Despite a few contemporary intrusions (newspaper headlines, printed tickets, linoleum), the subjects of cubism were classical, traditional. They ignored the technology, whose scale, speed, ingenuity and arrogant newness so captivated poets like Guillaume Apollinaire, Filippo Marinetti and Blaise Cendrars, or painters like Fernand Léger, Francis Picabia—and Delaunay. The machine culture extolled by these early modernists of the *Belle Époque* is our own archaeology, but

we cannot revive the mixture of innocent awe and millenarian hope with which they confronted it. Like the faith that raised Chartres, that has gone.

Its most imposing symbol was the Eiffel Tower, erected when Robert Delaunay was four years old: now a venerable cliché of tourism, but to Parisians then the tallest structure on earth and a cathedral of modernity. "The Eiffel Tower is my fruit-dish," Delaunay liked to say, in a dig at cubist still life. From 1909 onward, he painted it at least 30 times: close up or on the skyline, seen from above or below, aggressively sharp or half-dissolved in mists of color, broken, dislocated, twisting upward, a veritable Tower of Babel. No painter had dealt with this emblem of Promethean man before, and it is not surprising that some of Delaunay's images of it—especially the *Red Eiffel Tower*, 1911-12 (see color)—were tinged with anthropomorphism: a red, two-legged form, trusses and girders, ramping about like Zarathustra.

There were other emblems of modernity too. The birch-and-canvas aircraft that look to us like trembling old dragonflies but were the Concorde of their time seldom became a painter's subject: Delaunay made them so with *Homage to Blériot*, 1913-14. It is a marvelously aerated image of flight. The painted discs that had become his signature function variously as wheels, radial engines, sunbursts and air force roundels; a red propeller flaps, and a biplane hangs like an angel in a *mandorla* of color. No athlete himself, Delaunay was fascinated by organized spectator sport—itsself a "modern" phenomenon. Its sense of disciplined energy appealed to him, and in the various versions of *The Cardiff Team*, he set forth a compendium of favorite images: the box-kite biplane in the sky, the Tow-

er, a Ferris wheel, a bright yellow billboard for an aircraft-manufacturing firm named Astra and the joyously leaping rugby players.

The link between this world of physical prowess and Delaunay's abstract disc-paintings was light. The filament bulb was just beginning to transform the appearance of Paris, and artificial light fascinated Delaunay. His earlier paintings, done under the influence of Seurat and the pointillists, contained sun discs rendered in thick dabs of pure color. A recurrent image in the poetry of the pre-war avant-garde, especially in Apollinaire's, was of a world revived, bathed, transformed by natural and artificial light. That was the essential subject of Delaunay's disc-paintings. An eye used to the targets and stripes of painting in the 1960s might seize on Delaunay's *First Disc* as a prophecy. But Delaunay's image was meant to be cosmic, its intentions mystical, and with its luminous feathery hues, *First Disc* radiates a subtle intensity of feeling that its descendants cannot claim.

Harmonious Balance. Born and raised in Paris, the son of a well-off engineer, Delaunay was not afflicted by the poverty that befell most of his fellow artists. He gave all his time to painting. From that aspect, he was lucky in marriage too. His Russian-born wife, Sonia Terk (whom Delaunay met in 1909), was a gifted artist, and they worked out an unusually harmonious balance between their talents. After staying a few weeks with the young couple in 1912, Apollinaire sighed that "The Delaunays start talking art as soon as they wake up." In his worse moments, Delaunay was a crashing bore, capable of emptying a room with his theoretical diatribes. He cannot have been easy to live with. "An artist can never be egocentric enough," he liked to announce. He was, to the last, a only child.

The 1914 war caught the Delaunays unawares; they were in Portugal, and they stayed there and in Spain until 1920. In so doing Delaunay missed the horrors of the front, as Léger, Braque and Apollinaire did not. But for some reason his painting, after he got back to Paris, was never quite to regain the life-affirming energy of his prewar work. There is something undeniably stodgy and programmatic about his abstractions from the late '20s and '30s; they suffer from the earnestly utopian look of most geometrical abstract painting in France between the wars. Many of them are scarcely better than sophisticated Art Deco ornament. From then on his wife became the stronger half of the creative partnership. But his precocious early work remains extraordinary, even six decades later: an embodiment in paint of Paris' traditional nickname, *La Ville Lumière*. **Robert Hughes**



ROBERT DELAUNAY BY JEAN METZINGER
Dragonflies and a Tower of Babel.

from the 140-odd paintings, drawings, prints and reliefs that make up the exhilarating Delaunay retrospective organized by French Art Historian Michel Hoog at the Orangerie in Paris this summer, the man belonged to no movement. His rainbow-hued paintings shared very little with cubism. "But they're painting with *cobwebs*!" was his reaction to the sober, niggling brown-and-gray facets of the first cubist pictures he saw. The tenor of Delaunay's imagination was different: coarser, more exuberant. In a crucial sense, it was more modern as well.

Archaeology of Newness. To understand Delaunay's modernity one has to realize how old-fashioned the subject matter of cubism was, Picasso or Braque's still lifes, with their tilted café

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ASHLEY PUTNAM (ANGEL), MIGNON DUNN (ANTHONY) & KAREN BECK (RUSSELL) IN THOMSON'S *THE MOTHER OF US ALL*

MUSIC

An American Momma

Behind the open-air theater, fireworks prick the sky with pinpoint lights. Onstage a red-coated marching band, followed by men in stovepipe hats and women lofting VOTE signs, winds through a procession of patriotic floats. A Model T Ford chugs in from the wings. Behind the wheel sits a stout woman wearing a stern expression and a name sash that reads GERTRUDE S. Her passenger, sprightly in gray morning stripes, is Virgil T. Neither seems especially surprised when an angel on roller skates whizzes past.

On Skates. *The Mother of Us All* is an opera, a piece of Americana composed by Virgil Thomson and set to Gertrude Stein's text about Suffragist Susan B. Anthony. Thomson's score is a bright crazy quilt of American folk tunes, gospel hymns, marches and sentimental ballads that evoke pungent memories of an earlier time. Stein's libretto is her customary trenchant blend of logic with nonsense, historical characters like Lillian Russell (sung by Karen Beck) with imaginary figures like the mobile angel (Ashley Putnam). Snippets of political speeches are intercut with Stein's excursions into absurdities. "I understand you undertake to overthrow my undertaking," Susan B. accuses. "Daniel Webster needs an anticheck," reports the angel, scooting by on her skates.

Along with the non sequiturs, Stein does provide a theme—women's rights and changing relations between the sexes—that seems more pertinent today

than in 1947, when the opera was written. Over the years, performances at colleges and a variety of theaters have kept it alive. But only with the Santa Fe Opera's Bicentennial salute did *The Mother of Us All* get an extravagant production in the tradition of vintage musicals.

The Santa Fe company is celebrating its 20th season as one of the country's most prestigious producers of summer festivals. Its approach meshes old-fashioned craftsmanship with contemporary dash. British Director Peter Wood, who recently worked on the Tony-winning play *Travesties*, staged the opera as an exuberant parade. Conductor Raymond Leppard, a specialist in 17th century music, was an adventurous choice to lead the orchestra. He responded enthusiastically, adding an overture and some instrumentation of his own devising. Singing the part of Susan B. Anthony is Mignon Dunn, who claims she knows every mezzo and contralto role in Wagner's *Ring* cycle. Her voice sounded opulent, and in her rich scarlet uniform, she occasionally looked more like a warrior maid than a Quaker suffragist.

As designer of the costumes and scenery, Pop Artist Robert Indiana turned out to be the key person in the production. Thomson admired an earlier version that presented *Mother* as an animated album with quaint figures suggesting tinted photographs. Realist Indiana had other ideas. Incorporating Pop art's hard-edge feeling into the production, he splashed the stage with circus colors of red, gold, green and blue.

Flags, checks and plaids predominate, with both props and people covered in shadow-resistant felt. Double-duty sets solved the problem of a backless stage. The red-and-white-striped bandstand in one scene, for example, cracks open into a pink parlor for the next vignette.

Although Santa Fe is not a touring company, they will make a record of their hit production. The BBC and WNET filmed a performance for airing this fall. The first-night audience, filing out of the opera house after the performance, was treated to an impromptu epilogue. A young woman in the crowd sprang up on the fountain and before long her voice was resonating across the plaza proclaiming modern woman's plight. Her speech lacked both the wit and charm of Gertrude S. and Virgil T. But it was a spunky gesture, very much in keeping with the crusading spirit of Susan B.

Joan Downs

Tops in Pops

Linda Ronstadt: Hasten Down the Wind (Asylum). For a sweet country rocker, Linda sings a lot of sad songs. Now and then she tips her hat to mainstream rock 'n' roll—*That'll Be the Day* and a razzle-dazzle version of *Heat Wave*—but mostly Ronstadt has built her career singing about losers. Her new LP continues in the same vein. "Save me/ Free me/ From my heart this time," she implores in a voice edged with tears. The gentle reggae tune *Rivers of Babylon* blows a few of the clouds away, but nowhere does Ronstadt's lusty

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MUSIC

soprano soar free. Her song selection needs more variety. Yet her bewitching versions of the title song by Warren Zevon (*TIME*, Aug. 2) and of Willie Nelson's *Crazy* have penetrating melancholy. It just may be that Ronstadt is a daughter of the blues.

Neil Diamond: Beautiful Noise (Columbia). "Life ain't easy, but it ain't that bad..." sings Neil Diamond in his Crunchy Granola baritone. "You're alive, you might as well be glad." Three and a half years ago, when he was close to the top of the rock pile, Diamond decided to take a performing sabbatical and enjoy family life. Back on the boards again—last month he earned \$500,000 for three concerts in Las Vegas—he also has a new LP zooming up the pop-music charts. Diamond long ago found a formula that really works: sentimental lyrics, singalong tunes, jagged rhythms. This time, with The Band's lead guitarist, Robbie Robertson, acting as producer and arranger, the setting is different. Assisted by Garth Hudson's swinging gospel organ and the mellow sax work of Tom Scott, Robertson injects a few woodsy rockabilly harmonies. Diamond polishes the whole thing off with the lush strings and clouds of sound that he loves in *If You Know What I Mean*—a showy, big-band production that clearly has the ring of yet more gold.

Natalie (Capitol). From the end of the '40s until well into the '60s, the late Nat "King" Cole held sway with mellow, foggy-voiced renditions of easygoing ballads like *Too Young* and *Red Sails in the Sunset*. Last year Daughter Natalie, 26, released her debut album *Inseparable* and picked up a pair of Grammys for her trouble. Cole's second LP confirms a talent that makes her a strong contender for Aretha Franklin's title as queen of soul pop. At her best getting down with hand-clapping, shooby-doo-by funk, Cole tends toward dance-oriented tunes. Her voice is fresh and breezy, with more than a hint of Sarah Vaughan filigree. Well suited to Vegas show songs like *Mr. Melody* or the disco soul sparkler *Touch Me*, she lacks the weight for emotionally stormy ballads like *Heaven Is with You*. There, her voice sounds as insubstantial as powdered sugar.

Al Jarreau: Glow (Reprise). Jarreau is primarily a jazz singer with a scatman's vast repertoire of swoops, glides and vocal glissandi. In concerts he adds his own million-dollar magic trick: he carries a band in his larynx—or so it seems when Jarreau fills in the melody with vocal imitations of instruments. He can even accompany himself, crooning the words of a sleepy ballad while making rhythmic clicks deep in his throat to provide a percussive counterpoint. Jarreau's vocal antics on this LP are confined to a guitar (*Fire and Rain*), flute (*Glow*) and bass (*Hold On*). But Jarreau is no mere sound-effects man. His husky tenor is agile and warmly appealing. **J.D.**

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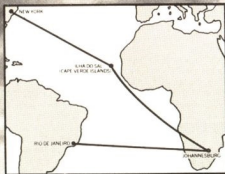
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PSYCHOLOGIST JEROME BRUNER CLOWNS WITH YOUNGSTER IN DAY CARE CENTER

BEHAVIOR

Interpreting Baby Talk

What do an infant's cries mean? Hunger, usually, or discomfort, or fear. But they also reveal a slow process of learning how to communicate. Within a few months the baby's noises already show signs of patterns: a cry followed by a pause to listen for reactions, then another cry.

So reports Jerome Bruner, 60, long-time Harvard psychologist now teaching at Oxford and author of such pioneering works as *A Study of Thinking* (1956) and *The Process of Education* (1960). In a recent address to the 21st International Congress of Psychology in Paris, Bruner challenged the popular view that infants are born egocentric and acquire language merely through some innate skill. "If you look at the child's behavior as he develops procedures of communication," said Bruner, "you cannot help but be struck by the fact that from the start the child is sociocentric. The child communicates not only because it is alive but because it is stressful for the child to be in a noncommunicative situation."

Adult Vicars. Learning to talk is no sudden discovery, according to Bruner. It takes about two years of dogged practice—by the mother as well as the child. (Bruner means not necessarily the child's natural mother, but someone who acts as "vicar" of the adult community.) Every word the vicar uses is a lesson in what sounds and tones work best. By the age of two months, the child can make a cry that demands or one that requests, i.e., one that awaits a response from the mother. "Mother talk," corresponding to "baby talk," tells the child that its request will be met and gives the child signs of the consequences of his requests. Says Bruner: "Linguistic competence is developing before language proper."

In addition to making sounds, moth-

er and child use their eyes as part of the communication process. A mother spends much of her time during the child's first four to nine months, says Bruner, simply trying to discover what the child is looking at. At four months, 20% of babies can be induced to follow their mother's gaze, and by one year, 70% can do the same thing, even if she is looking at an object behind the baby.

She begins pointing out objects and giving them names. From ten months onward, the child as well begins pointing out objects. Mothers introduce a familiar pattern: 1) pointing to an object; 2) putting the question to the child, "What (or who, or where) is that?"; and 3) labeling the object, person or place ("That's a hat," "That's Grandma," "That's the bedroom").

Without knowing it, the mother has already set in motion the process of fostering the four basic skills that Bruner considers essential for making sentences later on:

► "Well-formedness," when the mother demands a closer approximation to the correct pronunciation of a word with each repetition.

► "Truth functionality," generally begun after the first year, when she corrects a mistake: "That's not a dog, it's a cat."

► "Felicity," which means that the manner of speech must be appropriate to the situation.

► "Verisimilitude," when she allows a child to place a box on his head and pretends it is a hat, but does not encourage him to do the same thing with, say, a ball.

Step by step, in a steady series of accretions of meaning, these lessons lead toward acquiring the gift of speech. Says Bruner: "Man realizes his full heritage when he reaches language. But he is doing things along the way which are also quite remarkable."

Sleep for the Memory

According to Boston Psychiatrist Chester Pearlman, evidence from both Europe and America is making 1976 "The Year of REM Sleep." Scientists have long known that REM (for the rapid eye movement during periods of dream sleep, which occur three to five times a night in 20-min. segments) serves crucial needs. One of those needs, Pearlman told the Paris conference, has now been clearly identified: REM dreaming is essential to consolidate memories—no dreaming, no long-term memory.

Some ten years ago, French Psychologists Vincent Bloch and Pierre Leconte showed that laboratory rats forgot how to do certain things if deprived of REM sleep after training. In a similar experiment by Pearlman, a rat that had mastered an intricate system of avoiding electric shocks to get food was deprived of REM sleep and then starved to death when tests were repeated.

Among other things, the evidence indicates that the student who stays up all night cramming for an exam is making a mistake. Says Pearlman: "You introduce a lot of facts that you really can't learn, because staying awake prevents it. The next day you won't be able to remember any of it, and you certainly will not be able to use any of it in the future—it is not part of you." A group of researchers at the University of Ottawa showed the same role of sleep in integrating recently learned material into long-term memory: among students enrolled in an intensive language course, those who were learning had an increase in REM sleep; those who were unable to learn had no such increase.

Pearlman and his colleague at the Boston Veterans' Administration Hospital, Psychoanalyst Ramon Greenberg, are among those who argue that REM sleep does more than aid memory: it also helps people cope with daily stress. Paradoxically, it is while sleeping that they assimilate traumatic experiences they have had during the day. In recording the sleep patterns of psychiatric patients, Pearlman and Greenberg found a rise in REM sleep occurred after stressful discussions. In an experiment with nonpatients, the need for REM sleep rose sharply after exposure to distressing movies. The researchers' conclusion: the memory function and coping function of REM sleep are linked. In both cases, the mind must deal with something it has not been prepared to face, and dream sleep makes it possible to consolidate the new material and make it part of oneself. "We know people generally repress the implications of situations for which they are not prepared," says Pearlman. "The situations usually appear in dreams the next time they sleep and there can be a resolution of the problem." Though the functions of sleep are far from being well understood, it is hardly just "rest." The REM period may well be one of the most exciting and active parts of the day.

Cleft-Lip Craft

There were no serious casualties one day in mid-1954, so 34-year-old Captain David Ralph Millard Jr., assigned to a 1st Marine Division medical unit in South Korea, had time at day's end to ponder one aspect of his chosen specialty: plastic surgery. Among the Korean youngsters around the base were many with cleft lips. Dr. Millard set a series of photographs of them on an easel, and while studying them he dozed off. He awoke with a start, looked at them from a new direction, and then the inspiration came: what he (and generations of surgeons before him) had failed to notice was that one aspect of the abnormality was that normal features were present but at an unnatural angle. What he had to do, Millard reasoned, was to move the misplaced features down, put them in proper alignment, then fill the remaining triangular gap with tissue shifted from the opposite side of the cleft.

Many cleft lips show the defect only on one side, some are in the middle, and some affect both sides. Millard wanted to work first on a simple, unilateral case. As a boy in North Carolina, he had been a rodeo fan and had learned to twirl a lariat. So during some friendly horseplay, he literally lassooed a ten-year-old Korean boy and lollipopped him into the medical hut. (His parents could not be reached for approval.) When the stitches were removed, the result was so good that the boy became a walking, talking testimonial to Millard's wondrous surgery.

Harelip Repairs. Soon Millard was operating on cleft-lip youngsters from all over Korea, often in freezing temperatures, with no electric power and an assistant holding a flashlight. The Millard simplified technique produced a more natural appearance than others previously used for unilateral cleft lip; it was so successful that after Millard reported his results, it was widely adopted and now accounts for a major proportion of all one-side harelip repairs.

Harelips and cleft palates, in one form or another, afflict one in about every 750 newborn children, or 5,000 a year in the U.S. alone. That they develop early in fetal life is clear, but beyond that no one knows the exact cause. It may be a genetic defect, the result of maternal malnutrition or infection, drugs, or a combination of these. Whatever the cause, as fetal tissues grow and form the lips, mouth and palate, something inhibits normal development. The result is a twisted, often grotesque distortion of the nose and a gaping cleft in the upper lip, and sometimes the palate.

Millard's experience with the unilateral deformity has been so deep and extensive that he has compiled it in a

large volume: *Cleft Craft* (Little, Brown), which weighs 7 lbs. and lists at \$85. Even with that fiscal bite, Millard expects to lose money; his 10% royalty will not cover the original costs of research and illustration. Volume II, on bilateral and rare cleft-lip deformities, is already at the publisher's. Millard is also at work on alveolar and palatal deformities for Volume III.

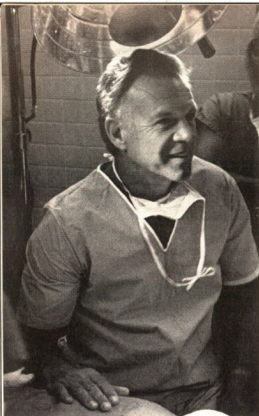
His present book traces records of cleft lips to figurines almost 2,000 years old and surgical attempts to correct them back to early Christian times. About A.D. 950, according to Millard, a Saxon surgeon wrote in *The Leech-Book of Bald*: "Pound mastic very small, add the white of an egg and mingle as thou dost vermilion, cut with a knife the false edges of the lip, sew fast with silk, then smear without and within with the salve, ere the silk rot." As recently as 1926, St. Louis Surgeon Vilray Blair was so fond of horsehair for sutures that he kept a white horse near a local hospital to ensure his supply.

Millard graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1944 and soon fell under the spell of the great New Zealand-born plastic surgeon, Sir Harold Gillies, with whom he was co-author of *The Principles and Art of Plastic Surgery*. Millard has been at the University of Miami School of Medicine for the past 20 years. He is so aggressively innovative that some colleagues find him abrasive, but all respect his skill and anyone who can heft *Cleft Craft* will admire his scholarship. Millard is an outspoken proponent of reconstruction of the breast after mastectomy and at the center of controversies in that field. He also performs purely cosmetic surgery such as nose bobbing, and there is a two-year waiting list for Miami matrons who want face lifts. The doctor refuses to disclose his fees for these. "That's where the money is," he admits. But for many of his cleft patients there is no charge.

Legion Fever

Disease detectives are still at work on the mysterious epidemic that killed 27 people and felled 128 others at the American Legion's Philadelphia convention in late July (TIME cover, Aug. 16). They have largely excluded all the seemingly probable causes (mostly microbes), and are moving on to an apparently almost limitless number of esoteric possibilities. Last week, as expert laboratory scientists and technicians in Philadelphia and at the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta concentrated on chemical toxins as suspects, no one could yet offer a plausible let alone provable explanation.

Toxicologists have already worked on phosgene, herbicides and pesticides, and carbon tetrachloride, at least 16



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MEDICINE

metals and many of their compounds—even the paint on pencils that might have been used as swizzle sticks. For a few days nickel carbonyl (a versatile industrial chemical) was a prime suspect, but the first laboratory tests proved useless because of contamination. Some unofficial observers speculated that diazomethane, a gas used in making plastics, might have been spread around in some mysterious way.

"Sabotage is an easy possibility to consider," said Dr. Lewis Polk, Philadelphia's acting health commissioner, "but there is no evidence to lead us to that conclusion." At week's end no conclusion was in sight.

Shots in the Arm

President Ford got a shot in the arm last week that he very much wanted: after heavy presidential pressure, congressional opposition to federal liability insurance for Ford's massive flu vaccination program collapsed. The legislation breezed through Congress by unanimous voice vote in the Senate and by 250 to 83 in the House. Now more than 200 million Americans will eventually have a chance to get a shot in the arm that some may need, and others not, that some will want, and others will not. Under the law, participation will be entirely voluntary. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare must try to educate the country about the vaccine's advantages—and possible disadvantages.

The new act restarts the machinery to get the vaccine, much of it already made, packaged for use. This had stalled weeks ago partly because of the refusal by private insurance companies to handle the liability. Many Congressmen still believe that the President's program sets a dangerous precedent for the Federal Government and is even (some medical experts argue) totally unnecessary. "I hate this bill," said co-sponsor Senator Ted Kennedy last week, "but suppose there is a swine flu epidemic? They'll blame me."

Whether it proves to be a case of political jitters or a move so far badly handled, the program is already nearly two months behind schedule. Once planned to start in August, it now can't get rolling until the fall. Only 100 million doses will be available by mid-October—just about the time the flu season normally begins. Administration of adult doses will start Oct. 1, but the proper dosage for children will not even be worked out until mid-September.

The program's eventual cost to the Government, through insurance claims, could be appalling (estimates range from \$50 million to \$25 billion), but whatever the figure, it can only be evaluated, as the President has pointed out, against the possible toll of a swine flu epidemic. Since health officials in other countries have shown no such concern as U.S. authorities, the President's effort is still very much a shot in the dark.

THE PRESS

Incendiary Idea

The brand new, push-button telephones in the 26th-floor editorial offices overlooking Manhattan's Central Park are brilliant red. So is the floor—fire engine red. "I painted it myself," boasts Publisher Bartle Bull, 36, as he flips through a stack of folders that are also, well, red. Bull, former publisher of the *Village Voice*, and Editor Dennis Smith, 35, fire fighter and bestselling author (*Report from Engine Co. 82, The Final Fire*), are ablaze with enthusiasm for their new monthly magazine. The scarlet letters on the charter issue due out Sept. 10 read *Firehouse*.

Firehouse aims at fire fighters and their families, retired firemen, and fire buffs—an estimated audience of 2 million. Says Smith, who still works 40 hours a week answering alarms at Co-op City in The Bronx: "The magazines written for firemen are all technical. They do nothing to reinforce a fireman's positive image about himself." To change that, Smith decided to find a publisher and start his own magazine. A friend introduced him to Bull, who had wanted to get out of the *Voice* ever since *New York* magazine's Clay Felker took it over in 1974.

Hooked on Ladders. Taken by Smith's idea, Bull raised \$500,000 from old Harvard classmates and other investors. He and Smith compiled a national mailing list (there was none for fire fighters) by cashing in on Smith's reputation as a firehouse folk hero. A letter went out to 30,000 fire chiefs asking them to send in the names of their men. The reward, an autographed copy of *Engine Co. 82*, brought in 133,000 names.

So far, 50,000 fire fighters and friends have signed up for *Firehouse* at \$9.60 a year. Encouraged, Bull has ordered an initial press run of 75,000 for the 104-page charter issue, which contains an impressive 51 ad pages.

The magazine is hooked on ladders and sundry hot topics. Novelist James T. Farrell, 72, has contributed a moving story about the 1947 fire that destroyed much of his work-in-progress. Brooklyn Fire Fighter Michael Kearney rates fire helmets. Other stories focus on fire technology, fire medicine and firehouse cookery. Smith and his staff of ten plan to widen *Firehouse's* appeal with family features on travel and sports. But fire fighting will remain the heart of the magazine. Says Smith: "The writing has gotta be laconic, emotional, exciting. I like to see fire fighters in every story and know what they feel and think." The color photographs and art work will be vibrant with reds, yellows and burnt oranges because Smith wants "a reader to feel his adrenaline flowing when he picks up the magazine, just like a fire fighter does

when he's putting out the flames."


Smith and Bull are one of the odder couples in publishing. Irish Catholic Smith grew up in a Manhattan tenement, quit school at 15 to deliver flowers, drive a cab, and rope cattle in Nevada—all the while writing poems and short stories. Eventually, he worked his way through New York University. A \$7,500-a-year fireman 13 years ago, Smith is worth nearly \$1 million today, thanks to book earnings and the sale of the movie rights for *Engine Co. 82* to Paramount Pictures. He drives to the firehouse in a Mercedes and lives in a \$130,000 house in suburban Garrison, but shuns the cocktail-party circuit.

Boulevardier Bull is a British-born

CHARTER ISSUE

Firehouse

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1976/\$1.25



Traditional Fire Helmets

North America's Most Deadly Fire

EMS—The Legacy of a Rescue Man

The Other Side of the Fire

Special Federal Fire Helicopters from 1950

blueblood whose father served in Parliament. Before buying into the *Voice* in 1969, Bull worked as a Wall Street lawyer and in 1968 managed the New York City presidential campaign of Robert Kennedy. He is now New York state campaign coordinator for Jimmy Carter. Bull has strewn cast-iron bulls around the *Firehouse* offices and wears a bull-studded tie. His favorite drink, natch, is the bullshot.

Old pros like George Hirsch, publisher of *New Times* magazine and former publisher of *New York*, think Smith and Bull are on target. Approves Hirsch: "*Firehouse* is the best of 40 new magazine ideas I have seen this year." Blue-Collar Expert Studs Terkel, author of *Working*, says: "I like the idea of a magazine that touches the lives of workers."

To firemen and buffs alike, *Firehouse* has the appeal of being their first magazine. Smith and Bull hope to stoke interest with future cover stories on arson, women in the fire service—and the

THE PRESS

passing of the red fire engine. The trend is toward lime yellow because it is more visible in traffic—meaning that Publisher Bull may soon be repainting his floor.

Laughing on the Outside

His gold-rimmed glasses could belong to a bank clerk. Narrow-faced and long of jaw, he could pass for a wholesome Woody Allen. But the small smile and nonbiting wit behind it belong uniquely to Gerald Nachman, 38, newest arrival in the small world of syndicated humor columnists.

With a home base at the U.S.'s biggest newspaper, the tabloid *New York Daily News* (circ. 1.9 million), Nachman in three years has picked up 80 clients and several million readers. He still trails far behind Art Buchwald (434 papers) and Russell Baker (400), but editors find him a useful Middle American alternative to the Big Two, who tend to joke from within while Nachman joshes from outside events.

Nachman created the Trends, who changed their lives through seminars at est, and zup ("What's up is zup and what's down is down"). Fenton Trendy takes up pot smoking but cannot get the idiom right. "We got rocked out of our minds," he brags. Nachman also records Superman's complaint that when "I round up a bunch of thugs now, I first got to read them their rights under Miranda."

Nachman has been honing his printed humor since his student days at California's San Jose State University, where his pieces in the campus paper landed him a job at the San Jose *Mercury* before he graduated. Later he signed on at the *New York Post*. He borrows a Robert Benchley line to describe the experience: "I was one of the worst reporters in New York, even for my age. Once I was assigned to cover a fire and covered the wrong fire." Switched to the



HUMORIST NACHMAN

What's up is zup.

show-biz beat, he was happier, but not for long. "When I'd interviewed Merv Griffin three times," he says, "it was time to leave."

Back West he went, to the Oakland *Tribune*, where his drama reviews and show-business reporting quickly won him a following. His freelance articles in the Sunday *New York Times* and *TV Guide* caught the eye of *Daily News* Managing Editor Michael J. O'Neill, who hired him to write that trickiest of all specialties, a humor column.

Under O'Neill's guidance, Nachman shifted his focus from show business to news. "I must be the only apolitical Jew in America," says Nachman, explaining why his topical work—unlike Buchwald's and Baker's—rarely has a partisan twist. One recent column was an interview with Dr. Winslow Smerck, author of *Smilin' Through History: From Teddy Roosevelt to Jerry Ford and Back*. Said Smerck, agreeing that Ford is a

first-rate smiler: "Ford does smile a lot—we measured it with a light meter and he has almost as much wattage as Carter, but Jerry lacks that all-important crinkle factor." Nachman has also taken on Amy Carter and reporters: "'Amy didn't mean it when she told the press to buzz off,' smiled Ms. Carter's appointments secretary. 'She just hadn't had her nap yet.'"

Readers are understandably uncertain where fact ends and fiction takes over in Nachman's world. An indignant housewife called him from Michigan to complain about the homes for wed mothers that Nachman invented. The clients were pregnant wives who felt guilty about defying the Zero Population Growth movement; they felt better after watching *Cheaper by the Dozen*.

Nachman complains that a normal childhood in Oakland deprived him of the trauma that propels other writers. He is even happily married, to Mary McGeachy, a movie critic for NBC radio. Nachman is writing *Playing House*, a book about his ten years of marriage.

Ideas and Martinis. Trauma enough for a columnist is the never-ending search for ideas. "I tend to think in long rectangles," says Nachman. He reads and reads, stares at TV for desperate hours on end and goes to cocktail parties where he drinks little but inhales ideas over other people's martinis.

From one of Nachman's infrequent visits to Washington and lunch at Sans Souci with Art Buchwald came a correspondence in which Baker and the San Francisco *Chronicle's* Art Hoppe happily joined. It involves the American Academy of Humor Columnists, whose sole purpose is to devise awards for its four members. At the academy's first awards dinner—still unscheduled—Jerry Nachman may well find himself saluted as Best Apolitical Humor Columnist Living East of the Hudson River. The vote should be unanimous.

MILESTONES

Married. Richard G. Hatcher, 43, mayor of Gary, Ind., and one of the first blacks to be elected mayor of a large city; and Gary Elementary School Teacher Ruthellin Rowles, 32; he for the first time, she for the second; in Boonville, Mo., the bride's home town.

Died. Thomas Edward Neil Driberg, Baron Bradwell, 71, author, newspaper columnist and Independent, then left-wing Laborite Member of Parliament (1942-75); of an apparent heart attack; in London. An Oxonian, Driberg first became known as "William Hickety," a gossip columnist for Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* (1933-43). As an M.P. he was an outspoken critic of the "mammon imperialists" of Washington and Wall Street. The London

Times, in an unusual obituary, noted that Driberg was a homosexual, a fact that he had neither publicized nor sought to hide.

Died. Robert L. May, 71, Midwest adman who sat down in 1939 to write Christmas promotion for Montgomery Ward & Co. and came up with the story of *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*; of cancer; in Evanston, Ill. After Ward handed over the Rudolph copyright to May in 1947, he received royalties on more than 100 Red-Nosed products and on the hit song written in 1949.

Died. Sir Winston Scott, 76, kind-hearted doctor who gave free medical care to the poor in Barbados and became the first native-born Governor-General of that country in 1967, six

months after it gained independence; of an apparent heart attack; in Bridgetown, Barbados.

Died. Karl Schmidt-Rottluff, 91, a founder of the German expressionist school of painting; in West Berlin. In 1905 Schmidt-Rottluff joined with several other rebelling art students to form a group known as *die Brücke* (the Bridge) and to search for an art form and sensibility to replace impressionism. Their solution: primary colors laid side by side on the canvas in powerful forms. In 1937 the Nazis termed Schmidt-Rottluff's work "degenerate" and in 1938 burned some of his paintings and later forbade him to paint. In 1967 the city of West Berlin opened a museum built to house the works he had donated three years earlier.



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you've got the world by the ears.

There are millions out there with their ears on waiting to talk to you Pace to Pace.

And with a Pace CB two-way radio you've got every bit of power the law allows. Power to cut through interference and "bleeders" from other channels.

What's more, it's assembled with computerized circuitry and it's 100% solid state, so it's as trouble-free as a CB can be.

It all adds up to your voice getting out there clearer and with less distortion, and the

other guy's voice coming back just as clear.

To learn more, drop into a Pace place near you. The dealer will tell you just how economical and easy-to-install a Pace is. He'll help you choose the one that's just right for you, too.

Ask him for the best-selling CB in the world. He'll know which one you're talking about.

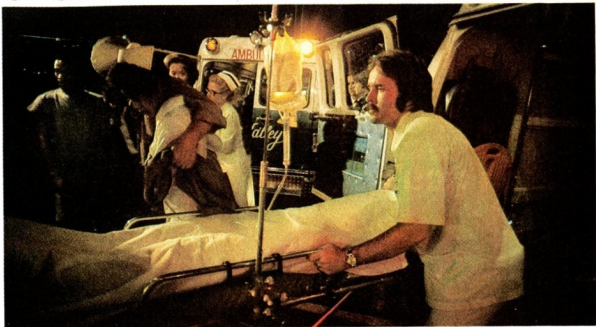


PACE CB 144

PACE CB

PACE TWO-WAY RADIO PRODUCTS
BY PATHCOM, INC., HARBOR CITY, CA 90710

How to save hours when there isn't a second to waste.



When life depends on receiving blood quickly, filtering can become a fatal bottleneck. Now, those delays no longer have to happen.

Before a hospital patient receives a transfusion, the blood should be filtered. On a routine day, that's no problem.

But what happens when there's a rash of accidents over a holiday weekend?

Or a single massive accident?

The slow-but-sure filtering process can become a bottleneck that reduces the odds against survival in an emergency.

Why? Because each and every stainless steel filter casing has to be sterilized before it can be reused.

And sterilization can take several hours.

Precious time saved.

The answer to the problem is a pre-sterilized disposable blood filter casing made from a special plastic. An extremely tough, clear plastic called K-Resin[®].

Today, these disposable, pre-

sterilized blood filters are available to hospitals all over the world.



Disposable blood filter casings were made possible by strong, clear K-Resin plastic.

Interestingly enough, the same plastic that made these blood filter casings possible is opening new possibilities for safer toys.

Tonka Corporation, the toy

truck manufacturer, is using K-Resin to make windshields for some of its products. (You've probably seen a Tonka toy truck on TV—it's the one that the elephant steps on.)

A stronger, safer plastic.

Tonka found that K-Resin plastic does not break as easily and is less likely to shatter on impact.

Not only that, it actually costs less than the plastic they had been using.

Wherever there is a need for a plastic that will retain its clarity and stand up to a lot of punishment, there's a need for K-Resin.

A stronger, safer plastic developed by the same people who make fine products for your car.

The people of Phillips Petroleum.

Surprised?

The Performance Company





PRESIDENT-ELECT SPANN

Cooling It

For the first time in its modern history, the 207,000-member American Bar Association last week had a genuine presidential election contest. Well, maybe not a contest, but at least there were two candidates.

A preordained choice agreed upon by a small group of A.B.A. leaders generally runs for the top spot—with about as much opposition as Leonid Brezhnev faces. This year the quasi-official nominee was William B. Spann Jr., 64, an Atlanta attorney who has been active in the A.B.A. for four decades. But Spann's relatively liberal inclinations distressed Houston Corporate Lawyer Leroy Jeffers, 66, a partner of John Connally, a former president of the Texas bar and, most important, a two-fisted conservative who believes the A.B.A. has plunged foolishly into broad national legal issues instead of sticking to one down-home essential: the problem of how lawyers practice law. So Jeffers became the first opposition candidate to get on the ballot, by petition of 100 A.B.A. members.

Torpid Crawl. That was as far as he got. At the A.B.A.'s 99th annual meeting in Atlanta last week, Spann won by a lopsided 260-to-59 vote in the governing House of Delegates.* But the Jeffers insurgency was a signal that recent efforts to move the A.B.A. onto a moderately activist course may have slowed to a torpid snail's crawl. Reported TIME Correspondent David Beckwith: "It was almost as if the bar was withdrawing from its leadership role in public discussion of today's issues." Delegates sidetracked a resolution opposing restrictions on abortion as not "ger-

mane." Despite a pending federal antitrust suit against the A.B.A.'s strict limits on lawyer advertising, conventioners were in no mood to go beyond the modest liberalizing of ad rules five months ago (TIME, March 1). When Jimmy Carter appeared to talk about the need to reform the appointment of regulatory-agency officials, A.B.A. members were caught somewhat unprepared: the organization has yet to adopt broad proposals in that critical area. Indeed the at-least-temporary halt in activism threatens to leave the bar in the position of having judges and other officials decide on changes that affect the legal profession without much guidance from the lawyers themselves.

Israel's Tough Cop

"The task of the police in 1976 is almost impossible," says Inspector General Shaul Rosolio, 53, a lifelong cop with the build of an ironworker who heads Israel's 17,000-officer national police force. Rosolio toils in that meager patch of the possible, searching for more effective ways of beating back a rising tide of crime. Israel's growing cities now provide the anonymity so useful to criminals. Raging inflation has widened the gap between rich and poor, leaving some Israelis ready to steal their share of the new affluence. Worse, more and more citizens, long schooled in aggressive defense against external enemies, are turning pent-up energies against their fellows. Since 1971 crime in the small country (pop. 4.5 million) has gone up 21.7%. Robbery is up 50%, juvenile delinquency 12%. When Israeli cops are not rounding up petty rip-off artists, drug pushers and hookers, they work on their country's trickiest police problem: beating terrorists to the explosion.

"The police are now involved in all societal diseases, and we are expected to find a magic cure," says Rosolio, who was visiting the U.S. to address a meeting of the National District Attorneys Association in Colorado on crime and terrorism. The inspector general has no magic up his sleeve, just innovative police methods to block what he calls "sophisticated, modern crime." Since taking over as chief of Israel's police force in 1972, Rosolio, a British-accented Sabra whose donnish manner masks a tough law enforcer, has added 5,000 men and women to the force. Though some gripe that Rosolio is "too intellectual," he is convinced that police must generate new ideas about crime prevention and has hired lawyers, psychologists and military men. Even his critics concede that he has created "a more dynamic" police force. Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin tells advisers that Rosolio is a "success story."

That praise stems partly from his

success at nabbing—and deterring—Arab terrorists. The police took over internal security in 1974, when the government decided that it needed more specialization in anti-terror tactics. Rosolio now also commands the border patrol and the civil guard, a voluntary army of 110,000 citizens. Last year terrorists plotted 150 attacks in Israel; the police stopped more than 50% before they started and collared most of the other guerrillas soon after they struck. Rosolio considers that record inadequate. Says he: "Wanton murder should not happen. We should get there before the bomb goes off." Police urge citizens to "please bother us" if they notice anything irregular. Market owners and bus drivers are urged to keep an eye peeled for abandoned baskets and packages.

No Mob. Rosolio has built a strong organization—too strong grumble some government officials. Says one: "At the end of 1976 the police will have more power than any other force in Israeli society. Add to that their conservative ideology and private intelligence service, and you have a danger to democracy." Rosolio, who calls himself a liberal (though he often slips into conservative rhetoric), laughs off such sniping. He insists that police face a demanding dilemma: how to fight increasing crime in the face of more tolerance, even sympathy, toward criminals.

Yet the outlook may not be all that bleak. Last year Israel had only 1.4 murders per 100,000; the U.S. had 9.7 and France 2.0. Moreover, most Israeli criminals are freelancers; there is no "mob." Rosolio also likes to point to one of his most potent weapons: Israel's geography. "We are in effect an island," he says. "The criminal knows that he cannot escape too far."

INSPECTOR GENERAL ROSOLIO



*President-elect Spann will take office next August. Chicago Corporate Lawyer Justin A. Stanley, 65, heads the A.B.A. this year and plans to push his pet project: getting more legal conflicts out of the courts and into arbitration, mediation and lawyerless small-claim tribunals.



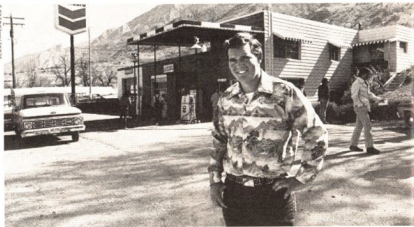
RITA MORENO PUTS ON THE RITZ

The band wore tails and tank-top T shirts and stood knee-deep in water before a crowd of 600 first-nighters. It was all part of the premiere puffery for *The Ritz*, the new movie based on **Terrence McNally's** Broadway comedy, which opened last week in New York. The film, set in a gay hotel-bathhouse, stars **Jack Weston**, **Jerry Stiller** and **Rita Moreno**, who created the party's splashiest scene when she hopped onto an island pedestal in the pool. "The photographers were just dying for me to fall in the water, but for that I get paid lots and lots of money," joked Moreno afterward. If she escaped a watery fate, Moreno was less lucky with some of her more ardent fans. "There was a man with a polyester suit and Instamatic camera who just draped himself all over me," she recalled. "I felt like I was being surrounded by a Baggie."

And now from Hollywood... *The Melvin Dummar Story*! Melvin Dummar? Isn't he that Utah gas station owner who says he gave **Howard Hughes** a ride one day, and then turned up as a beneficiary in one of the late industrialist's alleged wills? The same. Producer **Art Linson** has signed up Oscar-Winning Scriptwriter **Bo Goldman** (*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*) and says he hopes to start filming Dummar's life sto-



COMPOSER STEPHEN SONDHEIM WATCHES WHILE ELIZABETH TAYLOR SINGS UP A STORM



HEIR UNAPPARENT MELVIN DUMMAR LOOKS TO THE MOVIES FROM HIS STATION IN UTAH

ry later this year. "They're already three weeks behind schedule," grumbles Melvin, who had volunteered to play himself on the screen. Instead, he will serve as a technical consultant and possibly one of the film's bit-players. Cautions Dummar: "It's not gonna be no X-rated movie or anything."

They are not quite ready for speaking parts, but two show-business newcomers made their camera debuts last week. Appearing for the first time in Los Angeles: **Richard Francisco Thomas**, first son of that bright-eyed doer of good deeds on *The Waltons* TV show, **Richard Thomas**, and Wife **Alma**, a former grade-school teacher. "I was expecting a girl," said Dad, adding that he would probably keep trying. At the same time, in London, **Jason Lawson** took his first bow as well. He is the son of Actor **Leigh Lawson** and former Disney **Pollyanna Hayley Mills**, who is still awaiting her divorce from British Film Producer **Roy Boulting**. "I feel married both emotion-



THE THOMASES SHOW OFF RICHARD

PEOPLE

ally and physically to Leigh," said Hayley, "and that is what is most important."

The last time **Liz Taylor** sang on-screen was in a 1948 musical called *A Date with Judy*. But game as ever, she turned up at a London recording studio last week and began warbling for her movie role in Composer **Stephen Sondheim's** musical *A Little Night Music*. Unfortunately, Liz's first rehearsal with Leading Man **Robert Stephens** was less harmonious. The actor was fired from the cast and told that Taylor had cited poor "chemistry" between the two as the reason. "Bad chemistry?" retorted Stephens. "We're actors, not pharmacists." Taylor, meanwhile, sang a different song about Stephens' dismissal. "The unit manager was the one who spoke to him. If I find out he has put the blame on me, there will be one unit manager less." Now for her next number...

Shorn like Samson of his power, Congressman **Wayne Hays**, 65, decided to head for the exits last week. "With a heavy heart," the Ohio Democrat announced his withdrawal from the race for a 15th term in the House. The Delilah in his downfall was, of course, **Elizabeth Ray**, 33, who disclosed last May that she had been kept on the Congressman's payroll as a clerk but had served mostly as his mistress. In June, Hays entered a hospital in Barnesville, Ohio, suffering from an overdose of drugs, and shortly thereafter he was stripped of his chairmanship of the House Administration Committee. Now facing probes by the FBI and a federal grand jury, plus a hearing before the House Ethics Committee, which had planned to call Ray

REVIEWS

as a witness, the Congressman has elected to retire when his term expires next January. Said he: "I don't want to give that woman another chance to make an appearance."

A day in bed, plus some hot packs and massage for her ailing back, was enough to put First Lady **Betty Ford** back on her feet and on her way to New York last week. The occasion: the start of a two-week tribute to Composer **Duke Ellington** by the **Alvin Ailey** modern dance company. Ford, who once studied with **Martha Graham**, may have lost a few moves over the years, but obviously none of her enthusiasm. Backstage the First Lady partnered with Dancer **Judith Jamison** for a few smooth steps, then confided: "I still practice my ballet exercises in a large bathroom with a lot of mirrors when nobody is looking."

"It might fizzle, and I don't want to be connected with anything that fizzles," draws Kentucky Fried Chicken Colonel **Harland Sanders**, 86, fearful that a musical version of his life might prove to be a turkey. So Sanders, whose own career fizzled until 1956, when he launched the first of his "finger lickin' good" chicken eateries, has not invested any money in *Kentucky Lucky*, a new stage show scheduled for a fall debut. Conceived by Writer **James Chappin** and directed by **Jerry Adler** (*My Fair Lady*), the show will tell the colonel's story in song and dance. Sanders doubts that it will help chicken sales, however. "If it was just another commercial," he explains, "it wouldn't be worth seeing."

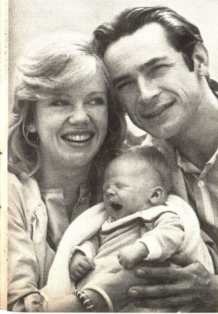
"I have played five Macbeths, three Mark Antonys, one El Cid, a cardinal and three Presidents," intoned Actor **Charlton Heston**. "But never have I played such a role where my own equipment served me so little." Heston's latest brush with the big boys is as King Henry VIII in Director **Richard Fleischer's** film *The Prince and the Pauper*. The actor needed plastic in his makeup plus padding on his body to effect the appropriate regal bearing. "My eyes are deep set; his were close to the surface," observed Heston. "My face is angular; his was square. My mouth is large; his was small. My nose is angular and broken; his was square and short." The makeup worked just fine in the end, noted the actor, "but we really had a great deal of distance to go."



DANCERS JAMISON & FORD SPREAD THEIR WINGS



HESTON GROWS INTO HENRY VIII



MILLS, LAWSON & BABY JASON



Will there come a time when it's just too costly to save a life?

There's no question that health care is better today than it was ten, five or even one year ago.

The problem is that while our medical capabilities—like specialized open heart surgery—have increased, their costs have also been increasing.

In the past ten years, for example, the total cost of an appendectomy has gone from a national average of \$599 to \$1,180. Having a baby has gone from \$425 to \$1,150.

Where will it all end? It's a problem we all share.

That's why Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans, working in cooperation with doctors and hospitals across the country, have introduced programs designed to help slow these rapid rises in health care costs.

What we are doing to help stem rising health care costs.

Here are just a few cost-cutting programs now being offered by many Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans.

Some allow qualified patients to be discharged from the hospital sooner—so they can do more of their recuperating at home at far less cost.

Under another new program, many surgical patients scheduled for a hospital stay can have lab and X-ray tests done as outpatients. Instead of spending a \$130 day in the hospital waiting for test results, the patient can return home or even go back to work until the tests are in.

A third cost-cutting program is encouraging certain kinds of surgery to be performed on an outpatient basis. By getting it done on an "in by nine, out by five" basis, it's easier on the patients. And on the pocketbook, too.

We're also working with doctors' review committees to make sure that

the medical procedure and tests provided are really needed. It's a cooperative effort that's saving us all millions of dollars each year. And we're also working with various planning agencies to help make sure only needed services are available.

All of these are steps that can help hold down rising health care costs. Whether or not they will depends on the cooperation of each and every one of us.

What you can do to help.

The closer you watch every health care dollar, the less increase you may have in the rates you pay for health care coverage. Ask for—and use—the kind of cost-cutting programs we've described here.

Because only if doctors and hospitals realize that you are as vitally concerned as we are—and they are—will these programs be offered and used on a widespread basis.

You can also join the more than 90 million people who subscribe to not-for-profit Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans. We annually return over ninety cents of every dollar paid in for health care services, and won't cancel you because of a poor health record.

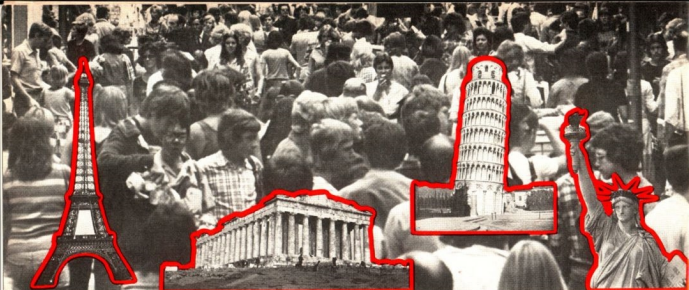
If you'd like more information about what we're doing to try to hold down costs, and what you can do to help, write Box 4389, Chicago, IL 60680 for our free booklet, "How All of Us Can Help Each of Us Hold Down Health Care Costs."

Together, we can prevent the day from coming when we can't even afford to save a human life.



Blue Cross
Blue Shield

All of us helping each of us.



OLD TOURIST FAVORITES BACK IN DEMAND; BACKGROUND: CROWD ON LONDON'S TRENDY CARNABY STREET

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

TRAVEL

Back to Wings and Wheels Again

The American tourist is once again back on the road. Tethered by the recession to their backyards for the past two travel seasons, Americans by the millions are taking to wings and wheels this summer. With both the travel season and the recovery well under way, money in the bank, and the shock of 60¢-70¢ per gal. fuel absorbed and (almost) forgotten, vacationers are swarming to favorite haunts in numbers near—and in some cases well above—precession levels. In the process, they are making cash registers whirl and credit-card imprints click from Honolulu to the Outer Hebrides.

By the end of the year, according to Government and travel-industry estimates, some 100 million Americans will have toured their own country, spending well above \$85 billion, possibly \$10 billion more than last year. They will spend another \$10 billion abroad, rediscovering old holiday favorites, such as Britain, where the newest attraction is the \$1.80 pound (down from \$2.40 in 15 months). Even France, where the franc last week dropped to 20¢ for the first time in more than two years, was welcoming American tourists in big numbers once again. And many of those American travelers are likely to meet foreigners going the other way. For the first six months of 1976, visitors to the U.S. from overseas totaled more than 5 million, nearly double last year's figure.

In the U.S. there is hardly a tourist attraction that is not mobbed. Two weeks ago, 16,800 toured the Ford Motor Co.'s 1,200-acre Rouge manufacturing complex in Dearborn, Mich.; atten-

dance there was up 36% over last year. San Francisco's cable cars are jammed, and waits for rides can take 20 minutes. Near Los Angeles, a one-hour wait to tour Universal Studios is not uncommon, and the Sheraton-Universal Hotel is filled to capacity. Visitors to Gettysburg National Military Park in Pennsylvania face a two-hour wait on weekends for one of the 77 guides; 2 million toured the historic Civil War battleground in July—a 40% increase from last year.

Bicentennial Festivities. Encouraged by air fares that allow free stopovers in California, Midwesterners are flocking to the West Coast on their way to Hawaii. "It's like getting two vacations for the price of one," says a Chicago travel agent, whose business is up 12%. Once in Hawaii, travelers are staying longer. Says Maurice Kelley Jr., Continental Airlines' vice president for market development: "A ten-day stay is not nearly as unusual as it was a couple of years ago."

In general, the Bicentennial events in the East did not attract Westerners in overwhelming numbers. One explanation, put forth by James L. Kerrigan, president of Greyhound Lines, whose business is off 6% this summer, is that "people worried a lot about overcrowding and a possible lack of hotel space in the East." As it turned out, the fear was unjustified. One-fourth of Philadelphia's hotel rooms were unoccupied during the Fourth of July weekend; hotels in Washington and Boston were also nowhere near filled.

Greyhound has now dropped its

once heavy Bicentennial promotion, and is concentrating instead on bargain fares to lure foreign tourists and the typical lower-income bus passenger, who was hurt more than affluent Americans during the recession. It has reintroduced the 15-day "Ameripass"—a \$165 booklet of blank tickets that enable travelers to go anywhere on Greyhound's system.

The big gainer from travel this summer has been New York City. Operation Sail, among other Bicentennial festivities, plus the Democratic National Convention, lured thousands of visitors to the Big Apple. So far this summer, the city's 100,000 first-class hotel rooms have been 73% occupied, compared with just 58% last year. City officials say that the convention alone had a "spending impact" of \$25 million on the New York economy. Says Albert Formicola, vice president of the city's hotel association: "The convention and the Fourth of July gave New York the shot in the arm it needed; the dollars and cents will follow later." Some of the jingle has already arrived. On a sunny Sunday, 9,000 to 10,000 people ascend one of the city's newer attractions, the observatory on top of the 110-story World Trade Center.

With the possible exception of New York City and its bankers, no one has been more pleased with the return of the free-spending American tourist than the Europeans. Lured by heavy promotions from airlines and government tourist agencies ("Trade two weeks of your life for 1,000 years of glory"), Americans are packing European hotels, crowding car-rental agencies and being

I didn't always smoke Winston Longs.

I was looking for a longer cigarette. But I also wanted taste. Only Winston Longs give me both. Winston Longs have the length I like, and all the real taste I want. If a cigarette doesn't have taste, it doesn't have anything. For me, Winston Longs are for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

If you think your 1966
homeowners insurance can
rebuild your house in 1976...

you're only half right.



The same dollar that built a *whole* house 10 years ago will build only about *half* that house today.

So if it's destroyed by a bad fire, you've lost a fortune, unless your homeowner's insurance has kept up with growing replacement costs.

The Answer:

Bring your policy in, and have an Allstate Agent see if it provides for full replacement

cost of your house. It'll take just a few minutes. And you might be surprised at how little Allstate's full replacement coverage can cost.

Don't leave yourself wide open. Call Allstate.

Free Booklet—Allstate's Home Value Calculator.

To estimate the market value of your home, you can call in an appraiser or get a free copy of this new booklet. Its spin-wheel calculator will tell you at a glance what your home may be worth today. Ask any Allstate Agent at Sears or an Allstate office.

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You're in good hands.



avidly welcomed and wooed by the airlines flying the highly competitive transatlantic route (see following story).

U.S. travelers to Britain are expected to total 1.5 million, up from last year's 1.3 million, or about 15% of summer tourists to the U.K. More than a million Americans are expected in France this year, up 100,000 from 1975. Already they are filling more than half of the Hotel Ritz (\$90 for a double room). Down south, in St.-Tropez, a fourth of the stylish Byblos Hotel's guests are Americans. The manager jokes that he may have to limit the number of Americans "or it'll turn into an American hotel." The other favored countries on the American tourists' map this year, after Britain and France, are Italy, Spain and West Germany.

Theater Tickets. The renewed surge in domestic and foreign travel is only partly explained by the economic recovery. To their credit, travel agents have devised ingenious plans to make the tourist's dollar work more efficiently. This year's prime example: the one-stop-inclusive tour charter, or OTC. Approved last fall by the Civil Aeronautics Board, OTC plans allow travelers to choose among dozens of destinations at prices that include air fare, hotel room, ground transportation, taxis and tips.

Thus a summer trip from New York to London, including seven nights in a hotel and two theater tickets, costs \$369; regular fares range from \$410 (when reserved 60 days ahead of time) to \$784. OTC plans have bugs: travelers must book 15 to 30 days in advance, and ticket prices go up unless flights are 80% booked. But such plans, plus the technology of jet aviation, have expanded travel from the province of the very rich to the mildly affluent—and have helped make the summer of '76 a busy one for both tourists and the businesses that depend on them.

War Over the Atlantic

One day last week a note bearing the seal of Her Britannic Majesty's Government arrived at the U.S. State Department. It announced a unilateral British decision to chop the frequency of U.S. airline service between Chicago and Miami and London by one flight a week beginning this winter. The note was the most serious salvo to date in what promises to be a bitter, high-stakes U.S.-British commercial battle that may eventually involve every airline flying the rich North Atlantic route.

At talks beginning next month in London, the British aim to rewrite the so-called Bermuda agreement. That pact, originally signed in 1946, sets the ground rules for commercial air traffic between the U.S. and Britain and is also the model for bilateral air agreements that the U.S. has with more than 60 other countries. The British have several demands, including rights to add new U.S. cities, notably Atlanta and Houston, to

the ones that British Airways now serves—New York, Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles and Miami. Most important, the British want to be given, by bureaucratic fiat, a bigger slice of the scheduled air traffic between the U.S. and Britain—a route that will be flown by some 1.8 million passengers paying \$500 million this year.

Within the limits of the existing Bermuda agreement, the airlines of both nations are free to schedule as many flights as they think they can profitably fill. (American flights are subject to review by the Civil Aeronautics Board and the State Department.) U.S. carriers—Pan American, TWA and National—now account for some 60% of total airline capacity between the U.S. and Britain. The British want to change this mix to equal shares—not by increasing the number

ready earns a modest profit on its routes to the U.S.? One big reason is British Trade Secretary Edmund Dell, a hard-headed former Treasury minister who has made a career of slashing bloated subsidies to his country's nationalized industries and is also under orders from Prime Minister James Callaghan to try to get more export earnings out of British Airways. If Dell succeeds in busting the Bermuda agreement, some other Europeans might be unhappy. Overall, American airlines get only 38% of the traffic between the U.S. and Europe; KLM, Sabena and SAS have up to 90% of the traffic between their countries and the U.S. If Britain gets its 50-50 split, says a U.S. Government analyst, "you can bet your sweet bippy that the U.S. will renegotiate its bilateral agreements with other European countries to secure the same deal."

CARTOON FOR TIME BY MIKE WITTE



of their flights but by getting Washington to force U.S. airlines to cut back. The British thus want to replace the Bermuda agreement with something closer to the sharing practice prevalent in Europe, where state-subsidized airlines divvy up flight schedules among European countries on an even-Stephen basis and in some cases even pool revenues.

U.S. airline executives are outraged. Says Thomas Taylor, TWA's Washington vice president: "The U.S. Government should tell the British to shove it." They reject London's argument that the Bermuda arrangement has encouraged the overcapacity that results in a year-round average passenger load of less than 60%. They also dispute the British assertion that a cut in total flights would improve all the airlines' earnings; indeed, under such an arrangement the hard-pressed, unsubsidized U.S. carriers would certainly lose. U.S. airlines point out that far from having more than a fair share of the business, the American flight schedules exactly match the actual pattern of travel between the two countries, which is about 60% by Americans and 32% by Britons.

Why such sudden obstreperousness from the British, whose state-subsidized (at about \$160 million a year) airline al-

LABOR

The Losing End

Two strikes that could have disturbed the progress of the U.S. economic recovery were headed toward settlement last week. One of them was solved with remarkable amity by federal mediation; in the other, workers returned to their jobs, many of them harboring rancor that could mean intramural union trouble in months ahead.

RUBBER. The breakthrough in the 16-week strike by 60,000 members of the United Rubber Workers came after a 70-hour bargaining marathon, when union negotiators and Firestone agreed to a new pay package giving workers a 36% increase in wages and benefits over three years. The Firestone agreement, which will set the pattern for the other struck members of rubber's Big Four (Goodyear, Goodrich and Uniroyal), will boost the industry's average hourly wage in the first year by 88¢, to \$6.38 an hour. In addition, the rubber workers get an escalator that provides an extra 1¢ an hour for each 4% increase in the cost of living index.

Architects of the rubber settlement



MINERS' PROTEST IN WEST VIRGINIA
One of the most foolish.

were Labor Secretary W.J. Usery Jr. and Federal Mediator James Searce, who had to twist "a few arms on both sides," as an aide put it, to get the crucial pay agreement. The three-year, 36% increase runs ahead of other recent major labor settlements, which have been in the 30% to 33% range. Washington, however, regards the hefty increase as unavoidable because the rubber workers have lagged behind other industrial employees in pay raises during the past three years. For instance, auto assembly-line workers, who are currently negotiating new contracts of their own, at present have an average hourly wage of \$6.57. The settlement will cost the Big Four at least \$400 million annually by the third year of the contract, and in expectation of those higher costs, the companies were already raising tire prices.

The impact of the rubber strike has been minimal. At first, the union hoped that auto plants would have to shut down for lack of new tires. Instead, tire inventories were so high, mostly because of auto-industry stockpiling during the winter and spring, plus the flow of tires from companies still in operation, that the strike caused almost no repercussions—except for the workers themselves. The union's strike fund was exhausted after only four weeks, and many of the workers were forced to use up savings and go deeply into debt.

COAL. The illegal, four-week strike of 110,000 of the nation's coal miners was finally drawing to a close. After 200 local union presidents of the United Mine Workers cast their votes for a return to work, the miners were expected to go back to the pits early this week, ending one of the most foolish strikes in the U.M.W.'s history.

Many miners did not even know exactly why they were out. The proximate cause was the effort of one U.M.W. outpost, Local 1759 at the Ce-

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

dar Coal Co. of Cabin Creek, W. Va., to put one formerly nonunion job under its jurisdiction. When Cedar Coal demurred and was backed by a federal court, the local walked out and, demonstrating the U.M.W.'s traditional solidarity, so did many other miners across the nation.

The wildcat walkout weakened the position of United Mine Workers President Arnold Miller, who must stand for re-election in December 1977. His initial call for an immediate return to work drew jeers from the miners, and his demonstrated ineffectiveness during the strike can only loosen his hold on the job. The U.M.W. retirement fund lost \$19 million in contributions during the walkout and the union's benefit fund went millions more deeply into the red. But the strike had no impact on the U.S. economy: coal stockpiles were more than sufficient to keep utilities and plants running at capacity.

SCANDALS

"Get Mine" in Ohio

At first the injury claim filed with the Ohio Bureau of Workmen's Compensation by Irving Zilbert seemed routine. Zilbert had injured his neck and back while working on a Cleveland home-remodeling job. The bureau found him 50% disabled, and awarded him the lump sum of \$5,600. Next case.

Then investigators learned more about Irving Zilbert. He had died of a heart attack six months before his award check was cashed. Jerry's Home Improvement Co., Zilbert's purported employer, was nowhere to be found; its address turned out to be that of a vacant barber shop. In early August, with the discovery of other false claims, Zilbert's physician, his lawyer, three other doctors, another lawyer and 14 other people were indicted for defrauding the state of Ohio of a total of \$65,000. It was only one of several cases to emerge in a mushrooming scandal involving Ohio's workmen's compensation system, which, with assets of \$1.5 billion, is the largest such program in which the state is the sole insurer. More than 1,000 suspect claims and scores of bogus companies are currently under scrutiny. The total cost of Ohio's Watergate, as a state investigator called it, to employers that support the workmen's comp system could reach into the millions.

Like most comp systems in the 49 other states that have them, the Ohio program is mandatory for any firm that has at least one employee; all told, 235,000 Ohio businesses contribute semiannual premiums totaling \$306.5 million a year to the fund. In turn, the fund dispenses fat benefits—up to \$186 a week for life for someone who is totally disabled, for example—with a minimum of controls. There is no statutory limit on medical fees, and only a bleary-eyed

staff of nine medical-claims examiners to process 4,000 files daily. About 95% of all claims are paid without a hearing, and those bearing the certifications of a doctor and an employer are given scant scrutiny before they are paid and interred in a medieval record-keeping system bulging with 5½ million case files. Concedes Robert Farmer, the bureau's claims director: "We're the biggest casualty insurance company in the world, but you can almost write your name backward and get a claim. It's ripe for rip-off."

How true. The probe of the Ohio comp system began last summer, when the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* disclosed that Gregory Stebbins, the since ousted chairman of the state industrial commission that oversees the program, had approved a \$20,000 payment to a claimant who used the money in a real estate deal that yielded Stebbins \$7,445. Subsequent investigations by local prosecutors and the state legislature began to turn up a variety of abuses, including payments of wildly inflated medical bills (one clinic charged \$52 for removing a speck from a worker's eye) and the likelihood that dozens of dummy firms had been set up purely to help substantiate phony claims. A lawyer under investigation for one such scheme in Cleveland shot himself to death. State probers found that thousands of dollars had been disbursed on the signatures of commissioners long since dead; that a Republican candidate for state treasurer had campaigned by walking more than 1,000 miles across Ohio after collecting benefits for a bad back; that an unduly high percentage of the comp system's own employees (there are about 900 in all) had sent in claims. One lawyer, working out of a van, pocketed fees totaling \$172,623 in six months for shepherding claims through the comp machinery.

National Standards. Ohio Governor James Rhodes has given the state's industrial commission authority to hire as many fraud investigators as it needs to clear up the scandal, and a reform bill that would provide for the greater policing of claims should become law by year's end. But officials concede that a thorough cleanup will be difficult. Says Farmer: "It's easy for the 'get mine' attitude to flourish. When Joe down the block collects for his bad back, picking up a piece of lettuce, others are going to try it too."

Unfortunately, Ohio and other states with workmen's comp troubles—Michigan is one—will have to fix matters without help from Washington. A bill that would set national standards for comp systems pops up periodically in the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee, and it died again this year; the anti-Big Government politics of 1976 do not encourage new federal intervention in state business. In 1972 the National Commission on State Workmen's Compensation Laws recommend-

ed 19 significant reforms, including the expansion of workmen's comp to include all industries, and set a 1975 deadline for states to comply voluntarily. The record so far: no state has complied fully (New Hampshire has come nearest) and many are not even close.

RETAILING

Abercrombie's Misfire

After more than eight decades of catering to princes and Presidents as well as just run-of-the-mill millionaires sportsmen, New York-based Abercrombie & Fitch now finds itself looking, figuratively, at the business end of one of those \$6,000 custom-made rifles it has become famous for. Losses for the nine-store chain have widened steadily over the past six

open in hopes that the firm could reorganize before the traditionally busy Christmas shopping season. Weary of unpaid bills, many of A. & F.'s suppliers had already begun demanding payment in cash for goods shipped to the firm. To reassure its nervous bankers, Abercrombie's unpaid chairman, Harry G. Haskell Jr., a wealthy sportsman himself (yachting, hunting) and former mayor of Wilmington, Del., who is also A. & F.'s largest stockholder, brought in a corporate surgeon. He is Geoffrey Swaabe, 65, a British-born retailing executive who made his reputation running Los Angeles' May Co., a part of the big St. Louis-based department store chain, in the 1960s and early 1970s. Swaabe quit as May's president four years ago to freelance his skills among ailing companies.

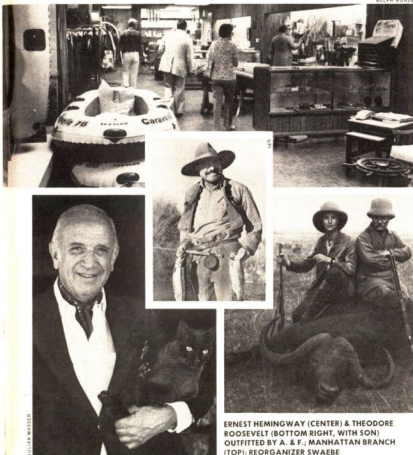
Swaabe, who is being paid \$1,000 a

tend A. & F.'s appeal beyond the well-heeled sportsman. They succeeded mainly in driving up costs and deepening A. & F.'s debt. In 1975 the store paid out more than \$1 million in interest on loans.

The question of whom it should sell to played an important part in Abercrombie's genesis. David T. Abercrombie made camping goods in a small factory in Lower Manhattan and was content to sell to trappers, railroad surveyors, prospectors and others who worked out of doors. Then, in 1892, he met Ezra Fitch, a successful but bored lawyer. They became partners and built a store on Broadway where Fitch set out to sell Abercrombie's goods to the public in general and fat-cat sportsmen in particular. After many disagreements over just whom the store should be catering to—Abercrombie's trappers or Fitch's moneyed swells—the two hot-tempered entrepreneurs parted, with Abercrombie quitting the business in 1907.

Fitch retired in 1928, but A. & F.'s fame as a purveyor of sporting goods to the rich and famous had become widespread. The store outfitted Theodore Roosevelt for safaris, Admiral Richard E. Byrd for his expedition to Antarctica, Fisherman Herbert Hoover, Golfers Woodrow Wilson and Dwight Eisenhower and all-round author-outdoorsman Ernest Hemingway also shopped there. Its stock of firearms and tackle equipment was among the world's largest and finest, and its aloof sales staff was made up of technical experts in A. & F.'s wares. A. & F.'s Manhattan store on Madison Avenue was a showcase of such exotic items as \$300 miniature antique cannons, \$1,188 Yukon dog sleds, and portable stone furnaces for heating cabins on yachts. It even sold lightweight chain-mail suits to protect explorers against arrows from Indian bows in South America.

Midwestern Physicians. As participant sports became more and more popular in the U.S. in the 1950s and 1960s, Abercrombie opened branches in San Francisco, Troy, Mich., and Colorado Springs, and it began dealing more in fashion. Other high-priced stores—notably Tiffany—successfully made the difficult transition to a broader market by combining friendliness with lower-priced items, but A. & F. did not move far or fast enough. As recently as the mid-1960s, complains a New York advertising man, A. & F. was run "like a stuffy club"—still catering to wealthy Midwestern physicians who take four weeks off to shoot game in Wyoming. Young, affluent skiers, backpackers and tennis players came into A. & F. to admire its tony, well-stocked departments, but they bought their gear at cheaper places, such as Korvette's. Two Guys Stores and other discount operations catering to the outdoors set. None of those were around, of course, when T.R. went on safari.



ERNEST HEMINGWAY (CENTER) & THEODORE ROOSEVELT (BOTTOM RIGHT, WITH SON) OUTFITTED BY A. & F.; MANHATTAN BRANCH (TOP); REORGANIZER SWAABE

years, and lately they have grown as big as all outdoors—from \$540,000 on sales of \$25.4 million last year to a thumping \$1.7 million in the first three quarters of 1976. Last week, amid talk that the chain was for sale, lawyers for proud old A. & F. trooped sadly into that legal haven of so many lesser merchants, a federal bankruptcy court.

The lawyers' aim was to hold off A. & F.'s creditors and keep the doors

day (plus expenses), has agreed to run Abercrombie for three months; after that, says he, "they'll have to give me an assessment of the time they'll need." Swaabe's forte is what he calls a "restructuring of management personnel," meaning firings, shufflings and replacements. But a new cast of characters may not be enough for ailing Abercrombie. The store has had three chief executives since 1970, each of whom tried to ex-

ANTITRUST

\$1 Billion Dilemma

FOR SALE: Peabody Coal Co., the nation's No. 1 coal producer. Sold 72 million tons worth \$723.4 million in 1975. Has untapped reserves of 9 billion tons in the U.S., plus holdings in Australia. Potential buyers must 1) be able to raise \$1 billion, and 2) get approval of the Federal Trade Commission. If qualified, call Kennecott Copper Co. in New York City—and call collect.

Such an ad has never actually appeared, but it accurately summarizes Kennecott's current plight. Almost as

leaders and economists to argue on its side. But nothing shook the FTC's resolve. Earlier this month, Kennecott lost what may very well be its last legal appeal when a federal court failed to reverse the order. Despite all the legal maneuvering, the copper company insists that it also has tried to find a way of giving up Peabody without inflicting financial harm upon itself, but the FTC wants it to try harder. The commission recently asked a federal court to fine the company and its officers \$100,000 per day for delaying the process of divestiture.

Kennecott executives say they cannot discuss their Peabody problems because of this pending suit. Yet they previously made no secret of the fact that they have talked to "more than 200 parties" interested in buying at least part of Peabody. Of these, only five seemed able to pay the full sale price—reportedly a cool \$1 billion. So far, however, Cities Service Corp., the Tennessee Valley Authority and a privately owned coal-exporting firm called ICM-Carbo-min International have either formally or informally dropped out of contention. While the other two—both syndicates of electric utilities—keep on negotiating, a consortium headed by Newmont Mining Corp. has appeared a last likely bidder. But this group is said to have offered only \$800 million for Peabody, and whether it can or will go to \$1 billion is uncertain.

Alternatively, Kennecott can declare a stock dividend of its Peabody holdings and so set up the coal company as an independent entity once again. Kennecott shareholders seem to favor such a spin-off scheme and may sue if it does not come about; their expectation is that the Kennecott and Peabody shares they would have as a result of a spin-off might fare better in the stock market than Kennecott alone. Trouble is, Kennecott has acted as if the divestiture order did not exist. The company lavished management time on running Peabody and spent \$532 million to buy equipment and open new coal mines—time and money that it did not put into its copper business. The result is that Kennecott's copper operations are in poor shape. Concludes John Bogert, a Wall Street mining analyst: "Kennecott did not milk Peabody; it milked itself for Peabody."

Tax Considerations. What Kennecott needs to return its copper business to health is the money it put into Peabody. Unfortunately, the only way to recoup the \$532 million in a spin-off would be to have Peabody borrow the money. But that would saddle the coal company with such an onerous debt that its future growth would be imperiled.

Kennecott's final option is to sell 20% of Peabody and spin off the remaining 80% to shareholders. (These proportions would be dictated by complicated tax considerations.) Though this would provide some of the needed cash and

probably please many stockholders, like all compromises it falls well short of what managers and shareholders hoped to get.

Given these gloomy alternatives, it is little wonder that Kennecott badly wants to keep Peabody. But that is prevented by a narrow reading by the FTC and the courts of a much debated section of antitrust law; this is the concept that mergers can be stopped not because they reduce competition but because they eliminate "potential" sources of competition. Back in the mid-1960s Kennecott decided that it would make a major attempt to diversify out of copper. Among other things, it bought a small coal field for the purpose, according to Kennecott, of assuring its own fuel supplies. In the FTC's eyes, the purchase was damaging evidence that Kennecott had plans to enter the coal business. That meant that when the copper company bought Peabody, it removed itself as a "potential competitor" in the coal industry. Since competition was at least theoretically diminished, the FTC decided that Kennecott was violating antitrust law.

Potential Violations. That theory needs some revision. Over the years, Kennecott and Peabody proved to be well suited for each other. Kennecott was able to raise money to open more Peabody mines and boost production. Peabody has the steady flow of income from long-term coal contracts to even out the wild fluctuations in copper prices. Result: both companies became stronger—more rather than less competitive in their industries.

The FTC also feared that Kennecott's purchase of Peabody marked a trend toward competition-crushing bigness in the coal business. But Peabody's share of total U.S. coal output has remained steady: about 12%. Meanwhile, since 1968, the proportional market share of the eight biggest coal companies has fallen from approximately 41% to 37%, while the share for the 50 biggest companies dropped from 69% to 66%—figures that suggest that the coal business in the U.S. has become less concentrated and more competitive in recent years.

One reason is that there has been a rush by electric utilities, mining and oil companies to acquire coal producers and pump money into them, just as Kennecott did with Peabody. Indeed, Wall Streeters give the copper company high marks for its prescience in getting into the coal industry ahead of everyone else. Yet that obviously was a mistake on Kennecott's part too. No other big purchaser of a coal company has been bothered by the FTC, even though some might provide clearer examples of potential antitrust violations than Kennecott. In other words, the FTC ruling, despite its success in court, has not been followed as a precedent, even by the FTC itself—though that hardly helps Kennecott now.



PEABODY STRIP MINER IN KENTUCKY
Gloomy alternatives.

soon as the U.S.'s biggest copper company acquired Peabody in 1968, the FTC charged it with violation of a dubious antitrust law. That led to a formal FTC ruling in 1971 that Kennecott must get rid of Peabody. The order demanded a divestiture that ranks with the largest in American business history and expanded antitrust law to say, in effect, big mergers and acquisitions are almost by definition bad.

Kennecott fought the ruling unsuccessfully through the courts (the U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear the case) and even enlisted top politicians, labor

THE THEATER

License in the Park

MEASURE FOR MEASURE
by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Any casual stroller who would like to think of the world's greatest playwright as the bawd of Avon will find plenty of license at Joseph Papp's production of *Measure for Measure* in Manhattan's Central Park. "Hence shall we see... what our seemers be," says Duke Vincentio (Sam Waterston) as he sets out, disguised as a friar, to play God like some sadistic schoolboy among the seamy souls who inhabit his city. Vincentio wants to re-establish law-and-order, but he leaves the governing to Angelo, a celebrated Puritan played like a young Robespierre by John Cazale. Angelo believes in absolute justice but soon declines into lechery and official murder. Meanwhile the city fathers can't even clear the streets of prostitutes. A black pimp, brilliantly played in high camp by Howard Rollins Jr., asks, "Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?" The production wisely lets such contemporary resonances ring for themselves. The cast concentrates on turning quirks of plot into confrontations of flesh and blood. Meryl Streep slowly overcomes a role she was not meant for—Isabella, the hysterical novice who is asked to sell her virtue to Angelo to save her brother's life. Lenny Baker is hilarious as Lucio, advocating lechery in the accents of Will Rogers. Director John Pasquin keeps the play moving, even through those last toyings with fate and shotgun marriages whereby the playwright pastes a sickly grin on this mask of tragedy and squalor. *Measure for Measure* was Shakespeare's poison-pen letter to the world. Its view of man, once regarded as intolerably bleak, now seems distressingly up-to-date.

Timothy Fothé

STREEP & CAZALE IN MEASURE



De-tarred but not de-tasted.

Lower in tar than all the Lights



Only 7 mg. tar

	tar mg/cig	nicotine mg/cig
R... ..h Extra Mild	14	0.9
V... ..y Extra Mild	14	0.9
W... ..n Lights	13	0.9
M... ..o Lights	13	0.8
K... ..l Milds	13	0.8
S... ..m Lights	12	0.9
V... ..e	11	0.7
M... ..t	9	0.7
K... ..t Golden Lights	8	0.7
PALL MALL Extra Mild	7	0.6

Of all brands, lowest...tar 1 mg. nic.
0.1 mg. av. per cig. by FTC method.

PALL MALL EXTRA MILD

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

The Score: Rome 1,500, U.S. 200

Americans have been so busy celebrating their anniversary that a historic event of equal significance has gone unmarked. This summer commemorates the birth of one great state and the death of another. Fifteen hundred years ago, on Aug. 28, A.D. 476, Romulus Augustulus, the last Emperor of the West, abandoned his throne to Odoacer, a leader of Germanic tribes. Thus did the Roman Empire fall.

Or did it? Observing the self-con-

the historical cycle—both Roman and industrial—ends in megalopolis, where man coheres "unstably in fluid masses, the parasitical city dweller, traditionless, utterly matter of fact, religionless, clever, unfruitful..." Arnold Toynbee, in his monumental *A Study of History*, charted Rome and America through similar cycles of triumph, disintegration and collapse; like the empire of Augustus and Tiberius, imperial America could end in "a schism in the soul."

BROWN BROTHERS

Other lesser observers have made blatant comparisons. In 1968 *The New Republic* editorially linked the assassinations of Gaius and Tiberius Gracchus, two reforming fraternal politi-

COLOR PICTURES

These tocsins resound in French Journalist Amaury de Riencourt's recent *The American Empire*, which envisions an Americanization of the world comparable to what Rome achieved when the Mediterranean bordered the known universe. Leaders of government and multinational business are the coming Caesars. U.S. foreign policy, however well intentioned, is an imperial thrust at Europe, Asia and Africa. "Roman citizenship," De Riencourt explains, "was eventually granted to all men dwelling within the borders of the empire. Today, as the unacknowledged American empire strives to find its shape and its limits, the same ecumenical lands is beginning to haunt the dreams of Western civilization."

Zenith of Vice. "The fashion is now to dwell on the deadly analogies between the Roman world and our own," wrote Herbert Muller in *The Uses of the Past*, "in the suspicion that history may repeat itself after all." At first glance, some of those analogies seem not merely intriguing but obvious. Historian Michael Grant divides his *The Fall of the Roman Empire* into six broad categories: "The Failure of the Army," "The Gulls Between the Classes," "The Credibility Gap," "The Partnerships That Failed," "The Groups That Opted Out" and "The Undermining Effort." The echoes of the Old World and this one are chilling. In the final days of the empire, military catastrophe drained the national morale and the public treasury. Inflation grew rampant; unemployment burgeoned and citizens complained about inequities in the imperial tax structure. Complained Salvian, a 5th century presbyter at Marseille: "Taxation, however harsh and brutal, would be less severe if all shared equally in the common lot. But the situation is made more shameful and disastrous by the fact that we all do not bear the burden together."

The consequence, observes Grant, was that thousands of disaffected peasants and slaves went underground. "These guerrilla groups," he reasons, "were 'the equivalents of today's drop-out terrorists, likewise thrown up and thrown out by social systems they find unacceptable.' Corruption infected a swollen bureaucracy and licentiousness became the ordure of the day. 'We are arrived at the zenith of vice,' boomed Juvenal, 'and posterity will never be able to surpass us.' Perhaps not, but it seems to be making a vigorous effort. The message salons of American towns are versions of Petronian ritual: *Penthouse* and *Hustler* proliferate on New York newsstands; Pompeii had its pornography memorialized in frescoes.



ROME BEING SACKED, A FEW YEARS BEFORE THE FALL



HISTORIAN EDWARD GIBBON

gratulatory excesses of Bicentennial America, some pop historians have found the empire's obituary a bit premature. Edward Gibbon's celebrated attribution of Rome's fall to "the triumph of barbarism and religion" has been supplanted by a more trenchant aphorism. "The decline of Rome," wrote Gibbon, "was the natural and inevitable effect of immoderate greatness."

That solemn judgment echoes through the works of several modern historical theorists, who point like hour hands to the parallel decline of the modern West. Oswald Spengler believed that

cians of Rome who lived more than a century before Christ, with the murders of John and Robert Kennedy.

At a background briefing for press executives a year before Watergate, Richard Nixon spoke of the "great civilizations of the past, subject to the decadence that eventually destroys the civilization." Nixon went on to speculate that "the U.S. is now reaching that period." Although he agrees with Nixon on hardly any other subject, Novelist Gore Vidal—a latter-day Juvenal whose patrician life-style is as celebrated in Rome as in New York—finds that in America, "Caesars are converging on the forum. There are storm warnings ahead."

BICENTENNIAL ESSAY

Public entertainment in the imperial city assumed an influence not unlike that of television today. Armies of Roman unemployed, living on a dole from the state, were diverted by athletic contests and theatrical spectacles. At the Colosseum, some 50,000 watched gladiators in combat with wild beasts. In the Circus Maximus, 260,000 cheered on charioteers as they raced in perilous Ben-Hur style. To supply those circuses, hunters fanned through the empire, caging behemoths and great wild cats. So many animals were rounded up that even then there were endangered species: the hippopotamus was made extinct in Nubia, the lion in Mesopotamia, the elephant in North Africa. Sport was the adult's amusement and the child's obsession. Rather like a querulous Harvard professor, Tacitus complained that few students of 1st century Rome "are to be found who talk of any other subjects in their homes, and whenever we enter a classroom, what else is the conversation of the youths?" Ancient witnesses to Rome's concern about modes of dress have a distinctly modern ring. "I cannot keep track of fashion," Ovid complained. "Every day, it seems, brings in a different style."

Series of Revolts. Today the names are different but the phases are familiar. The overextended superpower, the mean streets of the wrecked cities, the expensively disastrous foreign ventures, the runaway prices, the hedonism—who can blame social historians for their sardonic *déjà vu*?

Beyond the surface similarities, though, the analogies simply do not hold. True, the U.S. after World War II was the world's international policeman against Communism, as Rome was against the barbarians when the Mediterranean was known as the *mare nostrum*. True, war and inflation have wrought powerful alterations in American society. There remain inequities in taxes and income. But compared with modern America, the Roman Empire was a constricted society, severely limited in power and communication. It suffered through a series of revolts and insurrections, and proved incapable of change. The U.S. has nothing to compare with Rome's great proletarian under class, which had no voice in government. Even after Constantine accepted and adopted Christianity as the state religion, the ideal of equality for all men was unobserved; this, after all, was a society supported by the labor of slaves. The foreign conquests pursued by imperial armies were backed by the people until taxes grew too great. The very idea of ending a war on moral grounds was beyond the scope of Emperors, freedmen and plebeians. Expanding the bounds and privileges of the empire, Romans tried to homogenize all alien civ-



TWO TYPES OF HEDONISM: ABOVE, ROMAN BANQUET; BELOW, BOTTOMLESS BAR IN LOS ANGELES



ilizations they touched; the U.S. burns in a fever of ethnicity. Americans hunger for new technology, new machines, new spatial frontiers to conquer. By contrast, observed H.G. Wells in *The Outline of History*, "the incuriousness of the Roman rich and their Roman rulers was more massive and monumental even than their architecture." Their economies were founded on ignorance; the *laissez-faire* policies of the Emperors were nothing more than a lack of ideas. Science was superstition; Archimedes, the great physicist, was slain by Roman soldiers while writing mathematical figures in the sands. Even navigational skills were neglected; Rome's lumbering vessels hugged the shores instead of exploring the open sea.

Far more significant are the gaps in attitude. Invaders from the north and east—Goths, Persians, Vandals, Franks—might have been repelled by the Roman militia. What the old empire could not withstand was the pusillanimity within. When Rome fell, it was a fatigued society, sustained by delusions of past conquests. As the empire contracted against barbarian onslaught, St. Cyprian, 3rd century Bishop of Carthage, mourned: "The world has grown old, and does not remain in its former

vigor. It bears witness to its own decline. The rainfall and the sun's warmth are both diminishing; the metals are nearly exhausted; the husbandman is failing in the fields."

In the end, Rome suffered less from barbarians, less from civil strife and debt than from a failure of its collective imagination and spirit. The empire that built the ancient world's greatest roads, that created a profound system of laws, that gave the world a culture, a language and a sustained peace succumbed at last to a deficiency of energy and will. There is no such parallel in American life. Indeed, an ingenious nation that can still produce Viking and the new language of CB chatter, annual medical breakthroughs and quadrennial pre-election skirmishes, seems to suffer from an opposite affliction—an excess of zeal and ambition.

Challenge of Events. It is, of course, still possible that the U.S. may end much as Rome did: its codes defiled, its cities scourged, its self-absorbed people consumed by instant gratification that is neither instantaneous nor gratifying. The decisions have yet to be written; the outcome has still to be acted.

Reflecting on the collapse of Rome, Edith Hamilton, one of the most eminent classical scholars of this century, observed: "It is worth our while to perceive that the final reason for Rome's defeat was the failure of mind and spirit to rise to a new and great opportunity, to meet the challenge of new and great events." Bicentennial America may suffer from internal malaise and external buffeting, but it can hardly be said to be incurious, and it has not shrunk from the challenge of events. Upon the 200th birthday of the U.S. and the 1,500th anniversary of the demise of the ancient regime, it is consoling to remember that, be it ever so humbling, there was no place like Rome.

Stefan Kanfer



A MEDAL PORTRAIT OF ODOACER



BOOKS



AFTER CAPTURE, 1952
Devoted to veracity.



GUARD EXAMINES WILLIE SUTTON'S ESCAPE MASK, 1941; INSET: FBI WANTED CIRCULAR, 1950

Life Savings

WHERE THE MONEY WAS: THE MEMOIRS OF A BANK ROBBER

by WILLIE SUTTON with EDWARD LINN
339 pages, Viking, \$10.

A note oddly resembling honesty sounds now and then in this cheerful book of jailhouse blues by Bank Robber Willie ("The Actor") Sutton. All the world knows Sutton as the man who said, when asked why he robbed banks, "Because that's where the money is."

Well, says Willie—now 75 and sprung—it's a good line. But the fact is that some reporter made it up. Thus Sutton declines credit for the most perceptive self-analysis since Cardinal Newman's *Apologia pro vita sua*. Obviously he is an autobiographer devoted to veracity at all costs.

Emptying Banks. He admits that during the several decades he spent in jail, he worked without letup at breaking out (succeeding three times). During the few years he spent at large, he thought about almost nothing but emptying banks (he succeeded an undisclosed number of times, but failed often enough to account for his years in the cooler). Sutton confesses to being unreformable, and does not pretend that the buffetings of fate made him that way. Having thus alarmed his readers, he goes on shame-

lessly to reveal that he is kind, brave, generous, loyal, patient, intelligent, well read, nonviolent, and courteous to old ladies. Less deserving souls have been appointed to federal judgeships.

The reader, a shade skeptical and several shades amused, is reminded of another self-portrait Sutton says he made. It was a plaster cast of his own head, cunningly painted and landscaped with cuttings from his hair. This marvel, sculptured surreptitiously in a Pennsylvania prison, was supposed to take Sutton's place in his cell bunk on the occasion of a jailbreak. But the cell block was searched and the extraordinary head found before Sutton could test its effect. The artist does not seem to have been unduly discouraged. He had, after all, astonished his audience.

Sutton robbed banks and engineered his elaborate escapes because that's where the applause was. He was born in Brooklyn's Irishstown at the turn of the century, and there was a point in his teens when a slight tilt of circumstance might have sent him—street-wise and nervy—into one of the gaudier branches of lawyering. He went into armed robbery instead. He would appear at a bank door, wearing the uniform of a messenger or a cop, after the help had begun to arrive but before the doors opened to customers. A colleague or two would help him intimidate the

staff and collect the cash. When things went right, the bandits would disappear into the street crowds.

When things went wrong, Sutton says, his pals would sell him out to the cops. Yet he never changed the method of operation that put him at the mercy of accomplices. He learned a bit about philosophy and a lot about law in prison libraries, and enough about literature to have a firm opinion about the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy (Shakespeare all the way). But he seems to have had no new ideas about his own profession since he pulled his first job.

The history of this bright, vain man is diverting. Not many people are truly fond of banks, or of prisons, and it is fun to watch Sutton deflate their institutional dignity. It would be even more fun if he spoke with his own voice. Unhappily, his book is one of those first-person ghostwriting dilutions that make Masai chieftains, subliterature footballers, and Brooklyn bank robbers sound as if they were serving ten years to life in journalism school.

John Skow

John Skow

Caucasian Connection

THE THIRTEENTH TRIBE

by ARTHUR KOESTLER

255 pages. Random House. \$8.95.

The unblinking eye of Eastern mysticism, the dark side of Western technology, the enigmas of order and chance, the uncharted rills of the brain—no subject has been too forbidding for Arthur Koestler's exuberant curiosity. Now, at

70, he is the intellectual's Robert Ripley, presenting sideshows of believe-it-or-not facts and controversial speculations.

This time out, Koestler offers what he clearly intends to be an astounding fact—that the majority of the world's 14 million Jews are not Semites. Most European and American Jews, he advises, should not trace their origins to the tents of Jacob but rather to the yurts of 7th century Caucasian nomads known as Khazars. With their fair skin, reddish hair and blue eyes, the Khazars were not what is usually regarded as Semites. They spoke a kind of old Turkish, but their origins remain hidden.

Two Monotheisms. Yet the Khazars and their relationship to Judaism are not news to scholars and historians. There is general agreement that during the early 7th century these pagan tribesmen established a kingdom between the Black and Caspian seas. Their capital was Itil, near present-day Astrakhan, at the mouth of the Volga.

The historical stage center during this period was held by the Christian Byzantine Empire and the followers of Mohammed, who burst out of the Arabian peninsula after the prophet's death in 632, overran Persia and eventually extended their empire from northern Spain to the frontiers of China. The pagan Khazars successfully resisted Christian and Moslem arms. The power of the two monotheisms seems to have driven the Khazars to seek a god of their own. The problem was, which one?

The Khazars chose Judaism, an odd historical fact that Koestler and others are at pains to explain satisfactorily. According to one ancient Jewish legend, the Khazar king, Bulan, was in the mar-

ket for a monotheism to replace his old tribal idolatry. He asked the emissary from Christian Byzantium which faith he would choose if the only option was between Judaism and Islam. The Christian chose Judaism because the Jews—though sinners—were at least worshiped the same god.

King Bulan then asked the caliph's representative to pick between Judaism and Christianity. The Arab also selected the Jews because Christians ate pork and knelt before man-made images. The choice was clear: If the two opposing superpowers could agree on the Old Testament god, who was Bulan to argue?

Unfortunately, Koestler omits the charming details of this conversion by comparative shopping. Instead, he offers the politics of Third World neutralism, arguing the possibility that a Jewish Khazaria could better deal with both Christians and Arabs. Such *Realpolitik* has a certain commonsensical appeal, but it also leaves out the less rational motives for human behavior—those motives that seem to be responsible for most of history.

In addition, Koestler offers a blizzard of information but not enough hard facts to support his thesis. As in the past, he is a master of the conditional assertion ("This would be added evidence..."). Unfortunately, the approximately four-century history of Khazaria is thin in primary source material. The kingdom seems to have flourished as a crossroads of East-West trade. Persecuted Jews from Byzantium are believed to have flocked to Khazaria, where they intermarried with their Caucasian co-religionists. When Genghis Khan's Mongols swept westward in the 13th century, Khazaria's Jews fled to Eastern and Central Europe. These fugitives, Koestler suggests, were part of a second Diaspora that became the Ashkenazim, or European Jews of Russia and Poland. True Semitic Jews, he says, are descendants of the Sephardim, that small group whose exile wanderings can be traced from the ancient Middle East through North Africa, Spain and Portugal.

Stamped Kosher. Given the complex genetic blending that has occurred during Europe's history, Koestler's position is all too facile, despite the obvious effort and time the author spent on his study. It is not that he is unaware of the subtle traps and deadfalls of racial theory. In fact, he does his usual imitation of a Renaissance man by including mathematical formulas derived from a biochemical blood index. But Koestler's enthusiasm for the idea of a non-Semitic Jewry threatens to drown his own carefully drawn qualifications.

This conflict between sense and sensationalism causes some problems. Koestler is fearful, for example, that his book might be used to undercut the foundations of Israel. If most Israelis are really descended from Caucasian nomads who stamped themselves kosher 1,200 years ago, how can they claim

Israel as their rightful ancestral homeland? Yet he is quick to counter himself with the argument that Israel's legitimacy is based on the 1947 United Nations mandate that partitioned Palestine into an Arab and a Jewish state. Of such stuff are authentic non-issues concocted.

R. Z. Sheppard

Back on the Beat

THE JUDGMENT OF DEKE HUNTER

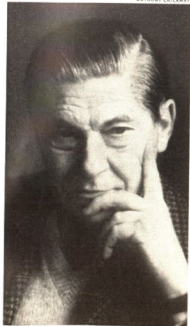
by GEORGE V. HIGGINS

276 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$8.95.

In *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* (1972), Novelist George V. Higgins did for Massachusetts hoodlums what Damon Runyan did for Broadway's guys and dolls: he turned their chatter into brassy poetry. Higgins' next two thrillers dipped into the same shady world as his first—that cramped anteroom just off the criminal stage where bit-players practice their monologues. After a talky Washington novel (*A City on the Hill*) and a tepid retelling of the Watergate investigation (*The Friends of Richard Nixon*), Higgins has returned to the beat where he evidently belongs.

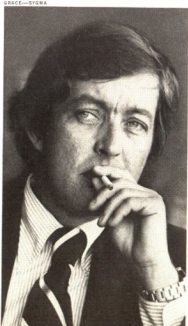
This time he focuses on the street-level cops in pursuit of the small-time robbers. Deke Hunter, 31, is a burly plainclothes detective who would much rather be starring for the Red Sox. "Most guys," he explains, "can't hit a major-league curve. Turned out, I was one of them. Also a major-league fastball." Instead of fame and glory, Hunter has a laundry list of problems: a bad marriage and worse pay, a house full of worn-out appliances and a publicity-hound of a

GRACE—STYRA



ARTHUR KOESTLER

Sense and sensationalism.



NOVELIST GEORGE V. HIGGINS

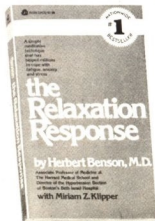
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BOOKS

D.A. on his back. Worst of all, Hunter is stuck digging up the dirt on an open-and-shut bank robbery case that will not stay closed.

This investigation and the subsequent trial proceed without much suspense but with plenty of grimy authenticity. Higgins, himself a lawyer and a former Assistant U.S. Attorney, has a feel for the greasy machinery of justice. In Deke Hunter's case, the physical evidence he collects is much less important to the outcome than plea bargaining, defense shenanigans, tips and perjured testimony.

Higgins does not tell this story. He shows his characters telling it to each other. Oddly, they all speak the same puckish periphrasis. Listening to them is like sucking a persimmon. They are also regularly funny. When Hunter's wife complains about the violence in a film they have just seen, he reminds her that "nobody made you go there, you know. Matter of fact, I think I had to pay the guy about six bucks, I think it was, before he'd let either one of us in." Hunter's sidekick facetiously admits to having no brains: "That's why I decided, I was gonna be a cop. If I was any dumber, I would've been eligible for law school."

This steady torrent of dialogue creates some awkward moments. Conversations must be disassembled like Chinese boxes: "My ex-wife," he said, "said the same thing." Locke said. At moments such as these, talk does indeed seem cheap. For all its laconic wit, *The Judgment of Deke Hunter* still teeters between the description of manners and the repetition of mannerisms. The characters are good fun to be around, but they never get more complicated than their last remark.

Paul Gray

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Trinity, Uris (1 last week)
- 2—Dolores, Susan (2)
- 3—The Lonely Lady, Robbins (3)
- 4—The Deep, Benchley (4)
- 5—1876, Vidal (6)
- 6—Crowned Heads, Tryon (5)
- 7—Touch Not the Cat, Stewart (8)
- 8—A Stranger in the Mirror, Sheldon (7)
- 9—The West End Horror, Meyer (9)
- 10—The Family Arsenal, Theroux

NONFICTION

- 1—The Final Days, Woodward & Bernstein (1)
- 2—Passages, Sheehy (2)
- 3—Scoundrel Time, Hellman (5)
- 4—A Man Called Intrepid, Stevenson (3)
- 5—Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream, Kearns (6)
- 6—A Year of Beauty and Health, Beverly & Vidal Sassoon (4)
- 7—World of Our Fathers, Howe (8)
- 8—The Rockefellers, Collier & Horowitz (7)
- 9—Sinatra, Wilson (9)
- 10—The Russians, Smith

Royal Flush in K.C.

Kansas City Royals Manager Whitey Herzog watched from the dugout as baseball's two leading hitters took batting practice. The air crackled as Hal McRae (.351) and George Brett (.344) sprayed hits from one foul line to the other, then back again. "Looks like fun, doesn't it?" said Herzog.

Baseball is fun these days in Kansas City. Leading Oakland in the American League's Western Division by 7 games, the Royals bask in the front-runner's knowledge that this year playing catch-up is for other guys. The roster includes some of the best young players in either league. Says Director of Player Development John Schuerholz: "We have a lot to look forward to. Our superstars are in the making."

The making of superstars is the result of a lushly budgeted, aggressive scouting and farm system. When Charlie Finley took his A's to Oakland after the 1967 season, the American League promised an expansion franchise for Kansas City in 1969. That was too long to wait for Owner Ewing Kauffman, 59, a pharmaceuticals manufacturer, so he fielded a minor league team at once. Said he: "I wanted to get started toward the World Series." With an unusually large scouting staff, the Royals searched the high schools for players. Some of them attended the Royals' Baseball Academy in Sarasota, Fla. Young athletes were tested for speed, eyesight and reflexes. Those who scored well were sent to Manatee Junior College in the morning and in the afternoon studied baseball. Others went directly into a farm system staffed with coaching specialists. Says Kauffman: "There's more to learn in the minors than how to chew tobacco."

Elements Mixed. While waiting for their young players to season, Kansas City's management built a new 40,000-seat stadium. Built exclusively for baseball, Royals Stadium has some of the intimacy of the older parks, but also much that is new. The field is a Tartan Turf carpet; beyond the outfield fence is a 100-yd.-long wall of fountains and waterfalls.

To supplement players developed at home, the team traded for experienced players in key positions. The elements were there, but it remained for Whitey Herzog to mix them. When he took over the team in July of last year, he found a talented but badly divided club of disgruntled veterans and confused younger players. "I held more meetings than Henry Kissinger my first month here," Herzog says. His biggest success has been in stabilizing the pitching staff, especially the bullpen. There, Steve Mingori, a 32-year-old reliever who credits acupuncture for the first pain-free sea-

son of his career, has the cunning and toughness under pressure of his breed. His righthanded counterpart, Mark Littell, 23, is a flaky rookie known as "Air Head," who has been anything but airy about learning from Mingori. Between them they have 21 saves.

The Royals lost their best pitcher when Steve Busby injured his shoulder early in the season, but with Dennis Leonard and Al Fitzmorris, Busby is hardly missed. Leonard, 25, in his second season, has a young pitcher's fastball and a record (14 wins, 4 losses) to go with it. The only player left from the expansion draft is Righthander Fitzmorris, 30, whose record is 14 and 8. Says Herzog: "I think Fitz does it with mirrors—a little something here, a little something there. But he's the winningest pitcher this team ever had."

Golden Boy. The rest of the Royals reflect the balance of the pitching staff. Fred Patek is a 5-ft. 4-in. shortstop with the arm of a six-footer. John Mayberry is, at 26, an experienced first baseman and the Royals' only home-run hitter. Outfielder Tom Pquette, with a .330 batting average, is a candidate for Rookie of the Year.

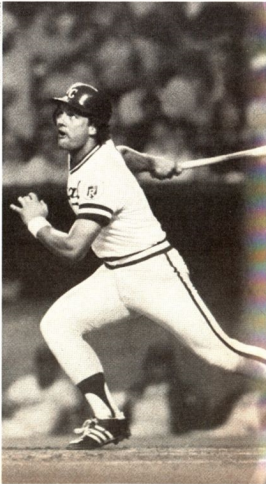
But the pair who typify the team are the exuberant Brett and quiet McRae. McRae, 30, came to Kansas City from Cincinnati, where he was used as pinch hitter. He has become a .300-plus hitter since starting regularly with the Royals. "He's the leader here," says Littell. When Pitcher Andy Hassler broke a long losing streak recently, McRae drove in the winning run, then sent the clubhouse attendant out for champagne.

George Brett could be baseball's next golden boy. "He just loves to play," says Manager Herzog, "the way you do when you're young and strong and it's still a game." Brett grew up in Southern California, the youngest of four brothers (one of whom, Ken, pitches for the Chicago White Sox), using hand-me-down gloves. At 23, he is breaking in his first new glove. So far, his fielding makes up in range what his throwing arm lacks in accuracy. With the help of Hitting Coach Charley Lau, Brett has become a dangerous all-fields hitter. "Charley widened out the ballpark for me when he got me to go to the opposite field with outside pitches," Brett says. "Now it's fun when I go to the plate because I can see them trying to figure out where to defend against me."

Conventioning Republicans will get a look at the Royals again in Cleveland. With fewer than 50 games remaining, Kansas City seems certain to win its division and should be an even match for the New York Yankees in the playoffs. Or, as George Brett puts it: "This is a happy place to be."



HERZOG & McRAE AT THE BATTING CAGE



GEORGE BRETT IN ACTION

The Black Gable

His mustache is slightly thicker than Clark Gable's, his smile is even more dazzling, and he sees the possibilities. "Clark Gable is the apex," says Actor Billy Dee Williams. "A star is what everyone wants to be, even Presidents."

At 39, Williams looks more and more like Hollywood's first black matinee idol. Each week he receives nearly 8,000 letters, mostly from women—white and black—who love his almost boyish good looks and sloping fullback's

Gordy, a shrewd judge of white audiences, was launching himself as a movie director. His two films, *Mahogany* and *Lady Sings the Blues*, were about blacks, but not about high-pitched racial antagonisms. They were glamorous, glossily turned out and entertaining rather than threatening. Their success has helped to broaden Williams' popularity with white audiences.

Although Billy Dee is robustly masculine, his touch is as light as Comedian Bill Cosby's; he has avoided the angry black-stud typecasting that has shackled Jim Brown and Fred Williamson. "I always keep Jimmy Cagney in mind," says Williams. "Whatever meanness he'd show on the screen, audiences still liked him because they knew instinctively that he was a nice guy. I think they have that feeling about me." Manager Gordy is planning to cross racial lines with his nice guy by casting him opposite such actresses as Faye Dunaway and Barbra Streisand. Says Williams: "I would like to do a romantic film with a woman of another color, but it would have to be tastefully done."

He is not spending all his efforts on launching his career as a matinee idol. Earlier this year, in Washington, D.C., he portrayed Martin Luther King Jr. in Josh Greenfield's play *I Have a Dream*. He is currently working on a Universal back lot, playing the part of Black Composer Scott Joplin for an NBC special this fall. His mustache shorn, his hair slickly marcelled, Billy Dee sits before a dummy piano, miming perfect syncopation to Joplin's ragtime. Suddenly, on cue, he is distracted by the arrival of a lovely onlooker (Black Actress Margaret Avery). Their eyes meet. The girl tries to feign disinterest, but she's hooked.

Even as a youngster growing up on 110th Street in New York's Harlem, Williams was the darling of the culture-craving women of the family. His grandmother entertained him by reciting Longfellow. His twin sister, Loretta, an aspiring ballerina, pirouetted through the apartment. Their mother had studied to become an opera singer, instead operated an elevator to work for her children's education. Young Billy earned extra money by drawing his own comic books and selling them to school chums for a nickel. At 19, he hoped to become a fashion illustrator. But a

chance meeting with a CBS casting director led to bit parts on various shows, and at age 23 he achieved success in the hit play *A Taste of Honey*. But his career unexpectedly stalled during the racially turbulent 1960s. "I was too black for white producers and too light-skinned for blacks," Williams even tried using a sun lamp to make his black more beautiful, but only succeeded in burning his face.

Nowadays Billy Dee is firmly tied with a Gordyan knot—a guaranteed annual income of \$200,000 whether he works or not, plus percentages of his films. A loner who lives quietly in a modest three-bedroom house in Laurel Canyon with his Japanese-American wife Teruko and three children, Williams spends free time meditating, sketching, writing poetry and working out daily in a gym. His life-style more closely resembles that of such famed loners as Robert Redford and Paul Newman than that of Billy Dee's gregarious idol Clark Gable. "I am still searching," says Williams seriously. "I think I have been chosen to be recognized in a certain kind of way. Producers are beginning to see me in situations other than black. I am part of an innovative force."

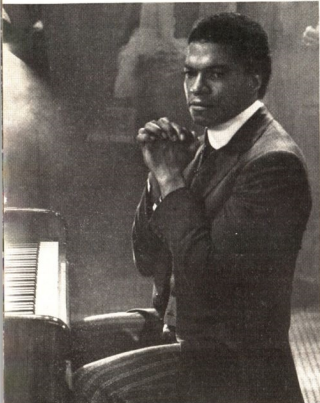
Bionic Plague

The *Six Million Dollar Man* has been so fruitful during its first three years on ABC that it is replacing *All In The Family* as the busiest spin-off nursery. The *Bionic Woman* came first, after lovely Lindsay Wagner made some guest appearances on the parent show. Wagner bounded into the ABC schedule with her own program to share the Top Ten ratings.

This season Bionic Man Lee Majors will once again try to expand the bionic population. On a two-hour special to be shown Nov. 7, he will provide solace for a 16-year-old boy named Andy who will take a hardy plunge at the ratings. If Andy, whose legs were crippled in a rockslide, can draw strong ratings that night against NBC's special showing of *Gone With the Wind*, he may be muscled into ABC's winter schedule with his own show. Outfitted with bionic legs, Andy can kick a football 100 yds. and climb a 3,000-ft. sheer cliff.

But an adolescent wonderboy can be klutzy. Taking a driving lesson, Andy hits the brakes of his pickup and drives his foot through the floorboard. He buys a pair of shoes and when he wiggles his toes the seams pop. Daddy Majors clearly has another rival on his hands.

Make that two more rivals. Every boy needs a dog, and a bionic boy needs a bionic dog. Producer Lee Siegel is mulling that one. Says he: "I would not rule out a bionic dog having his own show one day."



BILLY DEE WILLIAMS PLAYING SCOTT JOPLIN
"A star is what everyone wants to be."

shoulders. In Savannah, Ga., last summer the tactical police were called upon to cool the ardor of female fans who threw themselves and their phone numbers at Williams during the filming of *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*, a surprise summer hit about the black baseball leagues of the 1930s. Says Sidney Furie, who directed Williams in the 1972 hit *Lady Sings the Blues*: "He has the greatest magnetism of any actor on the screen."

Billy Dee's fortunes have risen rapidly in the past five years, since Motown Records Mogul Berry Gordy became his manager and teamed him with another Gordy protégé, Diana Ross.

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



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JOHNNY AND JEANNIE MORRIS

HOME: Chicago, Illinois

PROFESSION: Writing/Broadcasting

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: A year's camping trip through Europe and Russia with their four children around which Jeannie has written her second book. Her first book, *Brian Piccolo: A Short Season*, was a best-seller.

QUOTE: "Sports news is usually good news yet there are concerns: a fair break for the amateur athlete, more sports opportunities for women, the elimination of inequities in some college recruiting. Our goal is to cover all aspects of America's games."

PROFILE: Jeannie is warm, outgoing... with a talent for dramatizing the human side of sports. Johnny is intense, competitive. A former Chicago Bears football star, he brings the insight of the playing field to his sportscasting.

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MERIT is packed with 'Enriched Flavor.' A radical new discovery so successful at boosting flavor, MERIT actually delivers the taste of cigarettes having more tar.

Up to 60% more tar.

Yet MERIT has only 9 mg. of tar. One of the lowest tar



MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL

levels in smoking today.

Tests Verify Taste

MERIT was taste-tested against current leading low tar brands ranging from 11 mg. to 15 mg. tar.

Thousands of smokers were involved. The majority report: *even if the cigarette tested had up to 60% more tar than MERIT, MERIT still delivered as much—or more—taste.*

You've been smoking "low tar, good taste" claims long enough.

Now smoke the cigarette.

9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT